

Discorder

that magazine from citr 101.9fm



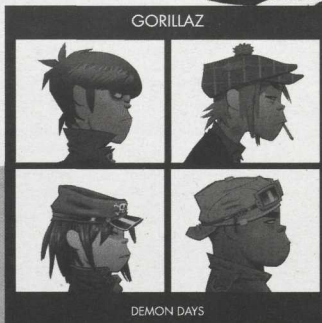
Tolan McNeil Depistado Ayun Halliday
The Weakerthans 13&God The Treliks Duplex
iPod DJs Chet Nine Inch Nails The Paddingtons
AndrewAndrewAndrew Andrew Andrew Thee Exciters
And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead **Immortal**
Technique Marie Brassard The Devil LCD Soundsystem
& M.I.A. Gruff Rhys The Stands Hood Wolf Eyes The
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Discorder

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Notes to this issue:

The word "Discorder" on the cover, and on the top of this page, is in Polisha which we later discovered was also all over Beck's most recent album as well. This makes me a little sheepish thinking about how I'm "ripping him off" or something.

The section headers for our columns are all in Chinese Rocks, which I love so very much, mostly because it is all rough looking. It has been used all over so many posters and so many magazines that I'm not ripping anyone off, more like contributing to a long tradition.

All of this makes Adobe Jensen Pro, which also features on the cover, and for all the bylines look a little plain. All of this makes me feel like I'm suffering from Creeping Font Syndrome, and I will probably die under a mountain of type.

I took the photo on the cover with my new camera, a very nice Fuji Finepix e550.

The shoes are hanging from a line along the Union St. bike route.

Our body font, as usual, is Century Gothic, and Futura Bold more than likely appears once or twice.

All those arrogantly large flourishes are from Porcelain, which I refuse to use for text, but love to use for decoration.

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PERPETUALLY IMMINENT DISASTER

DISORDER index for June 2005

Letters to the Editor: 1
Months since we last published a Letter to the Editor: 21
Total inches of vinyl reviewed in Riff Raff: 35
Copies of the Mix Tape available (for free!) at the Secret Location: 5
Emails sent to Rob Brownridge imploring him to let us change "Pod" to "waffle" in his article: 2 ("At that time you still couldn't play on waffle or CD player without looking like a dickhead," says Volk. "Then I heard that photographer Ryan McGinley was dee-jaying in New York with two waffles and no vinyl.")
Complementary iPods sent to DISORDER as a result of that article: 0
Total hours Mike Barrow spent combing the liner notes of Hood's Outside Closer: 3
Age of Ida Nilsen's Great Aunt Ida: 90
Number of people in the band Great Aunt Ida: 4
Combined age of members of Great Aunt Ida: 127 (estimated)
Number of times I read Jobhopper by Ayun Halliday: 2
Number of times I read The Canadian Job Directory: 0
Lame day jobs Jobhopper describes in detail: 14
Subsequent months spent unemployed: 3
Fluid ounces of Malt Liquor consumed during production: 120
Estimated number of cellphone-wielding preteen gymnasts attending a conference at UBC this week: 17,000
Pre-teen dances held in the room next to the DISORDER office: 1
Reviews I meant to write but didn't: 5
Ratio of intended reviews vs. reviews actually completed: 10:1
Review writers under age ten: 2
Combined ages of reviewers: 14
Child labour laws violated: 3
Total appearances of the word "pop" in this issue: 480
Times I have used lists to avoid writing anything of meaning in my editorial: 17 ●

DEAR AIRHEAD. LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Discorder,

I would like to give my two cents on your May "Giri Culture" issue. As a former editrix of the magazine, as well as a witness/perpetrator to the various forms and modalities that 'giri'/feminist agitation has taken at CITR over the last ten years, I feel I can comment on this with, if not authority, then perhaps insight.

When I saw the announcement on the Discorder office door, long before the issue had gone into production, that you would feature "Kathleen Hanna paper dolls," my first reaction hovered between appalled and resigned. I considered writing a letter then, in the hopes that it would stay your hand, but apathy got the better of me and I butted out. Seeing that you've gone through with it, this is why I think that the paper dolls were a bad idea:

Framing Kathleen as a "patron saint" in your editorial, you effectively de-person her and make her body, face, and image available for your own purposes. Putting aside the sex war baggage that has followed her throughout her career (as she has mentioned in interviews, the fact that she worked as a stripper during the early years of Bikini Kill was manipulated by the music press to strip her of her privacy and imply that her body was therefore "public domain")—why should a representation of her body do the labour of explaining/symbolizing feminism for your readers? This strikes me as a singularly lazy and uninspired. I know that there are dozens of intelligent, creative, feminist women (and men) writing for Discorder. Why is appropriating someone else's body (I assume without permission) a better editorial decision than giving those writers the centre stage to create a real dialogue about "giri culture," as you call it?

As someone who personally struggled with the politics and pragmatics of putting together "women's issues" for Discorder, I know how difficult it can be to satisfy all parties involved—including the many women and men at CITR who object to the notion of women's issues altogether. Those differences of opinion should be fuel for debate, and should provide the energy for a reframing of how we tackle gender, representation, sexuality and inequality on the radio and in print. Falling back on cheap symbolics and idol worship is too easy.

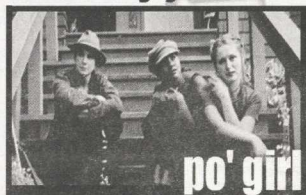
On a more positive note, kudos for the great interviews with Jean Grae and Betti Forde.

Yours truly,
Barbara Andersen

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june

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po' girl

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"blend"

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a sheep at the wheel



cd release party

saturday june 18th



hot breakfast

CD Release Party
with THE SKATOMATICS
& Children of Celebrities
Vancouver CD Release

sunday june 19th
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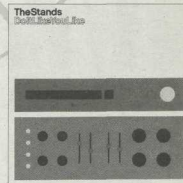
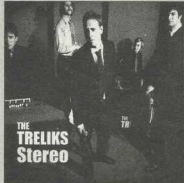
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RIFF RAFF

By Bryce Dunn



Hey kids, just back from Britain I am with a brand new stack o' wax to share so we're gonna keep it in the family and confine ourselves to a jolly ol' England for this column, beginning with a return visit from London's **The Trellis**. Readers may remember months back me fawning over their first 7", a cartoonish blend of garage and punk with swirling organ and b-movie kitsch. Well, the kids have toned down the sugar buzz a little on their second outing, with "Stereo" brandishing comparisons to the Thin White Duke (as someone commented when I spun this at my regular DJ night) doing disco-punk (yeah I hate that "term" too, but whaddya gonna do?), I hear some **Stranglers** or **Fall**-like influences in there too, but it's still catchy enough and "Hackney Girls" tears a page from **The Buzzcocks** songbook with a tune about fast-tired girls who've left our hapless protagonist out in the rain and feeling blue, but there's still time for an organ solo and we definitely need more of those in our life, don't we? (Face Value Records, facevalorecords.com)

No organ solos for our next guests, **These Exciters**, but no matter, "Johnny's Too Messed Up" to notice.

Instead, he's got other things on his mind, like how four lads from Southampton make such a joyful racket, conjuring up mentors like **The Milkshakes** on "Mummy's Little Boy" with its pop sensibilities, or 80's garage stalwarts **The Miracle Workers** on "Out Of Our Hands" with its fuzzed-out bottom end and mid-tempo bounce. Apparently with ease, as at least one member of this gang has been at this for quite a while, moonlighting in other acts like **The Hoodwinks** (resulting in Vancouver's ska outfit changing their name and style), so now you know who to thank or throw tomatoes at, your choice. Either way, this is good times. (Delicuentes Records, delicuentesrecords@aol.com)

Back to London we go for **The Duke Spirit**, who have made some fickle British press take notice with their recently released album *Cuts Across The Land* and undoubtedly will cut across the landscape of anyone who digs early **Gun Club**, smoky soul like **Aretha** or **Irma**, and all-rock princesses **Kim** and **PJ**, all the while maintaining a gritty rock 'n' roll presence that kicks against the pricks of the current wave of electro/neo/neo/wave that resides on English shores.

"Love Is An Unfamiliar Name," builds like a slow fire; a few sparks and singer Lella Moss ignites and the band blazes, hypnotizing and dangerous. Before it gets out of control, we flip to "Honeyrun" and the fire slowly extinguishes itself in the form of a ballad, the final wisp of smoke a single note from a guitar, safe and soothing. **Smokee The Bear** will have his hands full with these guys. (Loog Records, loogrecords.co.uk)

Feeling apologetically poetic there, I must snap out of it right quick, with some snappy, happy pop from those four lads from Liverpool, **The Beatles**...er, I mean...**The Stands**! Ok, so they do harmonize the hell out of a paper bag like John, Paul, George and Ringo, and who can blame them? This is music for summer or far right now (as I look out the window and see the all-too-familiar streaks of rain hit the sidewalk). These two tracks, the seize-the-moment singalong of "Do It Like You Like" and the warm and fuzzy ode to finding that special someone, "Season To Be Loved" are guaranteed winners, and if you put these guys alongside **The Singles** or early **Teenage Fanclub**, you'll be blessed out for days. (The Echo Label Ltd., www.echo.co.uk)

And we wrap up our tour of the UK with **The Paddingtons**, a boisterous power-pop outfit from Hull who have scored big with a signing to Papstones (started by Alan McGee, Creation Records impresario) after only seeing the band live. Judging on this single, a hyperkinetic buzz-punk tune called "Panic Attack" there's much ado about these youngsters with a knack for writings about knocking yourself off ("If you wanna die, go on commit suicide...") but not without laughing about it first, and **The Clash**-inspired, ska-infected "Yarmouth Town", a tribute to the quaint seaside port on the Isle Of Wight, where I'm guessing the lads had some stories to tell after visiting. Nonetheless, with a positive nod from big-fish-in-the-English-pond **Oasis**, these guys will be dining on more than just cod'n'chips in the very near future. (Papstones Records, papstones.co.uk)

Thanks for joining me on my pan-Atlantic adventure! More reviews next month!

STRUT FRET AND FLICKER

By Penelope Mulligan

is finally at peace because she understands that she has to take care of him; another woman returns a neighbour's stray dog only to be drawn into his world of fetish and bondage.

Other situations are more subtle, but their sadness keeps on detonating: a woman finds that reading old letters makes her "reflect on bad timing... all those unfinished stories piling up behind me," and a child recounts her betrayal by an education system that tricks the brightest pupils into casting pearls before swine and then punishes them for it.

The most disturbing tale concerns a woman who keeps re-opening a long gash on her thigh in order to remember the man who gave her the razor wound in a sexual game years before. "The heart feels lighter as the body takes it," she says. One doesn't have to be into self-mutilation to understand that.

With help from sound designer Alexander MacSwen, Brassard processed her voice to span age and gender in a way that has become an integral part of her craft. At the start of the show, however, it came dangerously close to being snick when she vomped onstage and gave a sinister recitation of "Little Red Riding Hood" in a baritone voice. The audience ate it up, but entertaining as it was, the sequence felt superficial and in retrospect, extraneous. The victim/predator aspect of our

need to connect was clear enough in the stories that followed and in the video image of a wolf that intermittently prowled the stage wall.

Besides, Brassard's greatest gift is her ability to channel universal emotions through the strangest characters and stories. When least expected, we find bits of ourselves littering the stage.

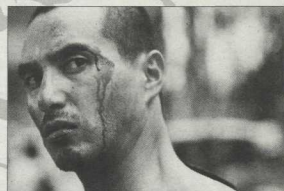
THE PLUGHOLE

There are so many reasons to park yourself at the **Cinémathèque** this month that you might as well leave a toothbrush there. The **Terminal City Film Festival**, four 1950s films from Polish master **Andrzej Wajda** and, of course, the **Pasolini** blow-out are all essential viewing.

What especially intrigued me was the pairing of **Catherine Breillat's Anatomy of Hell** with **Kim Ki-Duk's Bad Guy**. The South Korean filmmaker apparently causes much controversy and offense, though after viewing this 2001 effort, I still fail to see why.

In Ki-Duk's story, a gangster fixates on a college girl who publicly humiliates him by spitting in his face. He then meticulously plans her come-down, which turns out to be [everybody blush now] sexual slavery in a Seoul brothel. But far from being shocking and corrosive, **Bad Guy** plays like a potboiler with a strained, clunky plot and really bad dialogue. Yet having seen two of the director's other works, including the brand-new and brilliant **3-Iron**, I can't dismiss this one. It seems like an interesting sidestep into territory in which he isn't quite so adept; a collection of influences that he has earnestly absorbed but not properly digested.

A lot of these influences feel French. The film is shot like a policier, with city lights twinkling through windcreens, dark alleys from which blokes get pulled into doorways and beaten up and streets heaving with hookers. Some of the most evocative scenes are shot on a cloudy beach, the setting for many a Gallic



Bad Guy

epiphany. Ki-Duk is at his best when things are quiet—there's a lovely scene where the gangster awakens the sleeping girl in the bordello and she soundlessly vomits onto his shoulder—and I wondered if the film might be better with no dialogue. After all, the title character himself is mute.

Though female/male conflict is fairly universal, it's also cultural and Ki-Duk has theorized in interviews that it's more low key in western film because for some time, the relationship between the sexes has been more stable there than in Asia. Enter Breillat. In *Anatomy*, she dissects the sexual and emotional tension between a (presumably straight) woman and a gay man in a way that's gotten her blown up by feminists and homosexuals alike. That it all comes down to holes and things to put in them is in stark contrast to Ki-Duk's boudoir scenes of almost chivalrous restraint. He has said that he'd like to make "a French version of *Bad Guy*, in a French way." Uh oh, I'm trying to imagine it with Catherine Breillat as his mentor and co-writer.

Bad Guy plays at the Pacific Cinématheque June 10-13 (on a double bill with Anatomy of Hell June 10 & 13 only). 604-688-8202 or www.cinemaheque.bc.ca for times.

Marie Brassard is a gentle, seductive soul who wants us to feel the pain of others. To that end, she creates and single-handedly portrays characters of such fleshed-out sadness that we are in her pocket from the moment she begins. The fact that she often situates them in bizarre or otherworldly circumstances never strains credibility; it just makes their stories seem almost allegorical.

Peepshow's premise is that we live our lives as if walled off from each other in parallel hallways. From time to time, there's a crack in the wall, the secret lives of others are revealed and we tumble around together until solitude claims us again.

The scenarios that Brassard invites us to peep at range from heartbreakingly innocent to dangerously kinky but are linked by the deep loneliness that drives people to seek relief either in withdrawal or extreme encounters: a precocious teenager encourages an older man to stalk her because, although she doesn't want control, she enjoys being desired by someone she knows nothing about; a woman holds an ex-lover's hand while he vomits in the street and

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DJ PROFILE

received on your show?

There was this one guy who called and requested Gang of Four. Then he called again, requesting the same thing in a different voice. And he kept calling, with different voices every time. I'm like, "Dude! I know you're the same guy who just called me, like 5 times! I'll play them, I swear."

Are you ok with being naked in the sound room?

Yes, as long as I have another naked, sweaty body right beside me.

What's the best part of being a programmer at CITR?

It gives me a good excuse to be a music snob, and I get to hang out with all the other awesome CITR DJs.

Do you have a bike?

Yes.

How often do you ride it?

Not as often as I really should.

Do you wear your headphones while you ride?

No. It never struck me as a safe activity.

If 5 koalas were to take on 2 monkeys, who would win?

What kind of monkey? Because if it was howler monkeys, the koalas would lose. But if it was those little reus monkeys, the koalas would win. Actually, I think the koalas would lose no matter what, just because they seem so docile and aren't aggressive. I think I've thought way too much about this question.

Marielle Kho, host of We All Fall Down, airing on Thursdays from 1-2 pm, on CITR 101.9fm.

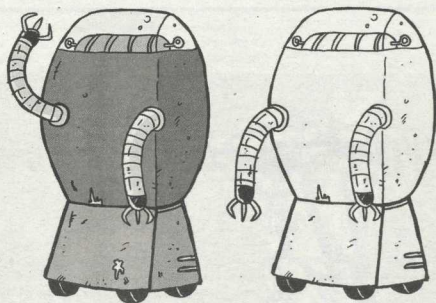
What is the band that you promote/ play the most?

I play the first five Ramones albums all the time. I also play a lot of Jeffie Genetic (Need A Wave), and the Devil Dogs.

Current obsession?

Oh... so many. I'd probably say... The Smugglers. Because they have the very sexy Bryce Dunn playing drums. I'm obsessed with so many bands right now. It's hard to pick just one. But I'm Bryce's biggest fan. Really.

What's the strangest call you've

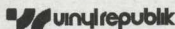


sinewave

A TON OF AUTOMATONS 12"

Sinewave's forthcoming CD, *Unity Gain*, has been a work in progress over the past three years and includes the debut single, *A Ton of Automations*. This single sees Sinewave trade in his drum & bass beats for some of the sweetest vocoder vocals this side of Air's Moon Safari.

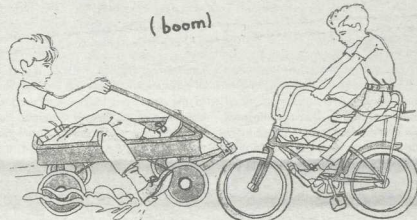
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boom - little wings
10000 fire flies - magnetic fields
apology song - the decemberists
jane + jime plus - manu chro
on language - Julie Ruin
happy birthday - the vandals
prince - the inbreds
shut up - monks
we don't say shut up - danielson familie
here come the martian martians - jonathan richman
+ modern lovers

bike - pink floyd
headin' south - thrush hermit
girl - built to spill
rory rides meraw - the vases
candy's room - bruce springstein
nothing came out - the mouldy peaches
bluesky for julie / smother - eric's trip
sally ann's style denial - local rabbits

* listening to headphones while biking may be hazardous
compiled by robb june 2005.

SIDE A

SIDE B



This month's mix tape was made for us by Robb Breckenridge

so riding a bike without good music is like a total bummer. i made this tape for my commutes. If you want one, solve the jumble and follow the clues...

etki ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
msobb ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
cnoue ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
noyal ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
cirmute ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐



ooo ooooooooooooo

TEXTUALLY ACTIVE

Starstruck: When a Fan Gets Close to Fame
Michael Joseph Gross
Bloomsbury/Raincoast Books

So, you think you're pretty blasé about fame, huh? Too cool to care about the latest Hollywood flick or pretty pop star? You're certainly not one of those people—the ones who wait outside a concert for four hours and then cling to their favorite rock star crying until the tour manager gently brings them back to reality with an embarrassed "Uh, there's other people in line." Well, let's have a look in your closet—I bet there's a collection of some sort of memorabilia you wouldn't want your friends to find out about. Maybe it's a white sequined glove, maybe it's every magazine with an article on Trent Reznor from the 90s, maybe it's a Corey Feldman scrapbook: maybe you speak Klingon. Whatever it is, there's probably something there.

Fame seems to be deeply rooted in our consciousness. Even monkeys seem to do this worshipping thing: there is a study showing monkeys will give up their favourite treats to look at pictures of high status monkeys. (In other words, it's not your fault.) Nonetheless, we don't seem to like to talk about this aspect of our culture. Most of the stories we hear about fans are of the ones who went too far and became stalkers, and this makes us uncomfortable. Yet, if we weren't into celebrity news, otherwise *Entertainment Tonight* wouldn't exist. (Those of us

who couldn't care less about movies and TV are probably music freaks or sports fanatics.)

Michael Gross sought to explore this territory and why we like to shy away from it. In his book, he touches on subjects such as the creepy extremes of autograph collecting (from the "rock or rip" pros to the "get 'em before they're dead" has-been collecting at the Beverly Garland), lifestyle fans like those women who follow Michael Jackson around the world insisting he's innocent, the business of entertainment reporting, and how the nature of fame affects the famous themselves. In every section of the book, we get a direct line into the world of the people we are reading about through Gross' compassionate and engaging style. He analyses and questions what he sees, bringing their lives into his own storyline and seeking understanding of himself and his history through their experiences.

Starstruck is both hilarious and thought-provoking, and I think Gross makes strong cases for the functionality of fandom at different points in peoples' lives and the dysfunctionality of letting it take over your life. Some of the people we meet are funny, some are creepy, some are pitiful, but in all cases we see a little of ourselves in them, and a bit of them in us. Fandom is, after all, part of the human experience.

Vampyra Draculea

HOLY CRAP, IT'S THAT TIME AGAIN ALREADY??!

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The Unseemly Glow of Ayun Halliday



By Kat Siddle

Domesticity has always piqued my interest, ever since I read the *Little House on the Prairie* books as a kid. Knit my own socks? Cool! Plant my own garden? Sounds good! Tan my own leather? Um, sure, okay! But as the youngest sibling, I've never really been into the child-raising part of domestic life. While Ayun Halliday doesn't make motherhood sound appealing, necessarily—in her first book she compared her then-four-year old daughter to a swarm of pestilent flies—she does make it sound like something that could actually happen to someone like me. I'd like to think that if I were a mother of two living in New York, I would be a lot like Halliday, right down to the disheveled hair and cool day job.

Halliday is the author of three very funny memoirs and the East Village Inky, a long-running zine chronicling the everyday misadventures of Halliday, her two children, her playwright husband Greg Kotis and their ragdoll-humping cat Jambo. Each messy, hand-drawn issue of the E.V.I. is narrated like a rambling story, or a self-effacing list of minutia with little respect for page margins. Halliday is at her best when recounting less-than-shining moments, and her newest collection of tarnished memories, *Jobhopper: The Checkered Career of a Down-Market Dilettante*, is her funniest yet. In it, she recounts lame job after lame job, from telemarketer to naked model to misfit drink server ("Hi, welcome to Club Land! Can I, um, get you, um, a sex on the beach? Or something?") Like most of her tales of woe, this book stings as much as it delights, especially if you have a few years of bad jobs ahead of you. In fact, *Jobhopper* might have been responsible

for my decision to be ambitious this year and hold out for an "interesting" summer job, instead of taking an apron from the first Starbucks that hired me. Mired in a job search that would leave me unemployed for months, I took a break from the resume tweaking to ask the author about her deeply imperfect life and career.

DISORDER: How do you pronounce your first name? I always say "Aye-yun."

Ayun Halliday: Stop saying that! It's like "ray gun," just with the accent on the ray and the edges kind of blurry... that's the way things get done in southern Indiana, y'hear?

Right-o. What other writers do you like?

Like everyone else on the planet, David Sedaris. I'm really partial to his pal, David Rakoff too. I love the way Lynda Barry's characters talk. Speaking of writers who draw, I love Tony Millionaire and both Bros. Hernandez. I love John Waters' sarcasm. Ditto Anthony Bourdain, though I think he's probably a real bitch to work for. Loved that poor tortured wonderful Spalding Grey—he was a huge influence. I recently completed Jonathan Safran Foer's *Extremely Loud and Incredibly Close* and thought it was wonderful...and I reckon John Updike, reviewing it (unfavorably)...and I reckon John Updike, reviewing it read every page because he called the main character's cat a dog, which... well, I don't want to spoil anything in the book, but when you read it, you'll see why that's this unforgivable booboo. I suppose the New Yorker's partly to blame, but then, it is really the fact checker's job to call someone whose book is being reviewed and say, "Hey, we're just double checking that the 'dog' the famous author who's reviewing your book says is a dog is really a dog and not a cat or an iguana or a fish or something." Uh... what was your question again?

Do you read a lot of other zines?

I'm surprised at how many I DON'T read. I was just in the legendary Quimby's in Chicago and was overwhelmed! Where to start? I bought *Snowmonkeys* in Japan and Spaz and ... well, I haven't gotten to the bottom of the pile yet, not

by a long shot. And I'm going to Atomic Books in Baltimore in a couple of weeks and I tell you what, I'm bringing my cheque book! Some zines that I really like are *Hausfrau*, the *Lower East Side Librarian*, *Paping* and *Not My Small Diary*.

What are you working on next?

Dirty Sugar Cookies: Culinary Observations. Questionable Taste. It'll be out from Seal Press next spring. Four decades of food: eating it, cooking it, shopping for it, serving it in restaurants...

Reading *Jobhopper*, I get the impression that you didn't expect to become a writer. How does your "real life" stack up against your expectations? How is it different than you thought it would be?

I expected to be an actress, but took no real steps to actualize that as a plausible way of supporting myself. My sense of how adults procure things (apartments, furniture, insurance, vehicles) and achieve professional success has not advanced much since childhood. It was a series of lucky breaks that led to my book contract. I think if I'd pursued the traditional route of becoming a published writer I would have failed. Fortunately, I came to the attention of a small publisher who responded to the idea of my ongoing DIY project with excitement instead of disdain.

I had big ideas of where I would live and what I would do when I was a child, but from about sophomore year on, my expectations ambled along with those of many other white, middle class, arts-inclined, soon-to-be-college-educated members of Generation X. And I suppose those have been born-out, although Greg hitting it out of the park with *Urinetown* was and is a thrill, both personally and practically.

What kind of stories do you tell your kids? Have you ever thought of writing a children's book?

The other day, at Milo's request, I told—with no great enthusiasm—an incoherent fable about a worm who accidentally ventured out from the log under which he'd spent his life thus far and the altruistic vegetation bird who attempts to untie with her beak the knot in the worm's tail (or head, hard to tell which end is which). Inky later politely informed me, "No offense, but that story was very boring." Amen to that, sister.

But yes, I do aspire to write a children's book titled *Always Lots of Heinies at the Zoo*.

You know, when I get around to it. A friend who does write children's books tells me that she can write one in a couple of hours, but incubating the idea can take a couple of years.

You paint a hilarious if occasionally unflattering picture of yourself in your books and zine. Are you as forthright in real life as you are in print?

In some areas, thank you. I think I'm getting more plainspoken with age, but I tend, in person, to want everyone to be happy. Outside the secular of my apartment, I behave as if things are always going smoothly, in the hopes that they will start to. I have trouble saying no.

Are you as hilarious in real life?

Doubtful, but I'm delighted to see it implied that I achieve hilarity in print.

You like to write about "trying circumstances"—misadventures while traveling, jobs that you don't fit at, the parental grind. What is it about minor disaster that you find so interesting?

The language can be descriptive without being overblown or high falutin'. I leave descriptions of the Taj Mahal's beauty and the purple mountain's majesty to those who are either more poetically gifted or less afraid of coming off as an asshole.

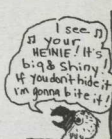
I think, too, for a certain kind of only child, who grew up in a broken home where sex and bodily functions were never discussed and where there was an unspoken ban on emotional display, it's liberating to describe the wars in all their unseemly glory.

Lastly, I'm looking for a day job right now. Got any tips for jobhoppers?

Keep good notes. William Grimes of the New York Times recently remarked that the bad job memoir is a "particularly fecund subcategory." And oh hey, if plugging websites is a part of the mission, mine's <http://www.ayunhalliday.com>



Kat Siddle is currently employed. Unfortunately, this cuts into her reading time.



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Great Aunt Ida

Stand Up Bass and Stationary Bikes



by Chris-A-Riffic

and naturally after that.

I wish someone had told me how to ask to play a show at the Sugar Refinery. It would have taken me a whole plate of perogies to drum up the courage to bother Ida Nilsen at work. I would have written down what I wanted to say, and then blurted out some gibberish and completely embarrassed myself.

To me, Ida was, and is, a larger-than-life figure. She helped a lot of bands find their footing by booking them at the Refinery, and she is also a fantastic piano player and singer. She's been in the bands Cunt, the Gay, Radiogram, and, most notably, the Beans. Now she sings and plays in the alt-folk four piece Great Aunt Ida, alongside Annie Wilkinson on bass, Barry Mirochnick on drums, and JP Carter on trumpet and effects. The CD release party for their new album, *Our Fall*, will be on June 10th at the Western Front. I spoke to Ida at her Vancouver home over root beer and a big cookie.

DISORDER: I was wondering if you were forced into piano like everyone else.

Ida: I started when I was pretty little, through the Suzuki Method.

Did they give you a song and have you try to play it on the piano straight away?

I remember, for the first little while, you weren't supposed to look at the music at all. You just listen to tapes, and then play it from the tapes. When I was about eight or nine, I stopped doing that. I said screw this and started reading the music.

The significance of Great Aunt Ida—is that the name of an actual aunt of yours?

Yes. I haven't seen her since I was four. Every time I tell someone my name, they always tell me they have a Great Aunt Ida. But she exists. She lives on a farm by herself. She's about 90.

I have two Ida moments that I would like to share with you. I remember coming up to you one time and asking if you were in the band C-U-N-T, and you said, "Oh, you mean CUNT?" I thought that was pretty cool. My second memory was when I saw you with a whole bunch of people at the Havana Theatre, and you were riding a stationary bike.

Oh, that was Ben Wilson's thing. He's an experimental jazz / new music guy. He used to play at the Sugar Refinery a lot.

I've heard you sing a little in other projects, but I've never heard you really sing. Why have you waited so long to be the lead singer?

Because I didn't have anything to sing. I have felt uncomfortable about my voice, but I haven't actually written any songs for anyone to sing that were really good. I hate to say this, but after the Sugar Refinery closed down, all of a sudden, there was more free space in my brain. It just came easy

There's hardly any guitar on this album. Was that deliberate?

There's some space in the album, without guitar. I kind of feel that JP has the guitar role in the band, with the trumpet. He just got a Rat pedal.

What's that?

It's a metal-y, distortion noise pedal.

Why this direction? I've seen all your other projects, and I've found this to be your most pop-y effort. What did you want to sound like going into the studio?

I wanted it to have a certain mood more than a style. Some of the songs on the album are the first I ever wrote, five years ago maybe. I wrote piano compositions for years and years and years, and I wrote instrumental ideas. But this was my first time writing personal singer-songwriter stuff. I was really excited, because I came up with one of the songs on the record just before we finished recording. That meant that I could ditch this other song that wasn't working out.

Did you start out playing jazz standards in lounges?

No, I always wanted to do that. I took jazz lessons when I was about fourteen, and I played in a jazz quartet when I was sixteen, but I played upright bass.

You can tip it up on the piano, but the playing on this record is very reserved.

I feel like I'm the rhythm guitar player, and I like to keep up that role.

What happened to the piano at the Sugar Refinery?

It's now in an amazing space that used to have experimental jazz shows on Fridays and Saturdays.

Do you have other projects that you want to do?

Well, I miss the Beans a lot. I liked playing that way. I haven't been doing that very much. I just play here myself and with Great Aunt Ida. I miss the collaborative thing with improvising. I'd like to do more of that.



THE SHIRT CHRIS-A-RIFFIC IS WEARING HAS A PICTURE OF A HORSE ON IT. HE MADE IT WHEN HIS BAND OPENED FOR THE UNICORNS. "BUT CHRIS, THAT'S NOT A UNICORN, THAT'S A HORSE," PEOPLE LIKE TO SAY. "I KNOW," HE SAYS IN RESPONSE. CHRIS HOSTS A REALLY GOOD RADIO SHOW ON CTR. IT IS CALLED "PARTS UNKNOWN" AND IS ON MONDAYS AT ONE PM.

35 DJs 33 iPods 25 Andrews

By Rob Brownridge

MP3 players have been around since 1998, but it's Apple's iPod, released in 2001, that has practically become a household item, and if it has not gone that far yet, iPod is certainly a household name. To date, 10 million iPods have been sold, with almost half in the first quarter of 2005 alone. Now, iPods are infiltrating DJ culture, from New York to Vancouver and all scenes in between.

Vancouver's Andrew Volk, who DJs as AndrewAndrewAndrew, is a 26-year-old who started off as a vinyl-only DJ in 2001, founding '80s night at 'Shine' nightclub. In late 2003, he brought his iPod into the mix.

"At that time you still couldn't play an iPod or CD player without looking like a dickhead," says Volk. "Then I heard that photographer Ryan McKinley was DJ-ing in New York with two iPods and no vinyl. I realized vinyl is just to show people you're serious, but nobody takes it seriously, they just want to dance. So I got an iPod—it's the ultimate."

It's not surprising that relative newcomers like Volk use iPods, but even veterans of ten years, like Vancouver's DJ Leanne, are plugging in. "I was the first one in Vancouver—or so they told me—to get the pink iPod Mini," laughs Leanne. "That was in spring 2004, and I loaded it up with songs and started using it at gigs."

Both these DJs use their iPod, in conjunction with vinyl, plugging it into a mixer with a standard two-turntable setup. For DJ Leanne, the reason is technical. "House music is very beat driven. With each new track, you've got to use the pitch or speed shift on the turntable and then cue it up exactly to match the beat of the outgoing track," she explains. "You can't do that with an iPod, so I use it selectively."

Of course, it's also about style. "There used to be a stigma against using anything but vinyl; you looked like a lame suburban DJ," Volk says, "but iPods have broken through." MP3 players send out a cool "I don't care about the format, let's hear the good songs" vibe, but the snobbery remains and Volk uses his iPod with vinyl "so people don't notice it as much." The expense of owning two iPods, allowing mixing, is also a barrier.

But in New York, the artist duo Andrew Andrew have been DJ-ing with nothing but iPods since 2001. "The first time we touched the iPod scroll reel was an amazing, empowering experience," says one half of the intentionally indistinguishable duo. Hooked, they bought two iPods and used them that very night. Soon they had a regular iPod-only night at New York's 'Remote' club. "After digitizing an album to our hard drive, we put it in our storage facility filled with vinyl and CDs," says Andrew. The other Andrew adds, "Now we have a library of 30,000 tracks, all on an external hard drive dedicated to music and highly organized into playlists." At clubs, they use a four-channel mixer with four iPods: two for each Andrew.

MP3 players aren't merely another tool for DJs, they are

changing DJ culture itself. The most obvious effect is in the music mix: DJs no longer have to limit themselves to small selections from their collections. As DJ Leanne points out, "you used to have to carry tons of records, which are very heavy. Now you've got way more music and a huge variety in this tiny MP3 player." With thousands of songs at the DJ's fingertips, anything goes.

"iPods have blown the doors open on the types of music that you can play," enthuses Volk. "In this decade music's in a big upheaval and people want to listen to everything." Volk claims people want a diverse mix of popular songs, be they top 40 or indie, and care less about "some elitist DJ extraordinaire with turntable skills or obscure b-sides." Andrew Andrew agree. "We've long said that the age of the superstar DJ died in the 90s. Before you had this idea that the DJ was telling you what to listen to, but now it's the other way around."

A less recognized effect of MP3 players is on where a DJ can perform. With their unprecedented portability, MP3 players allow you to throw a party anywhere. Aside from clubs and house parties, Volk has DJed a skytrain party using two MP3 players and a ghetto blaster. He also knows people planning a "porta-party," using MP3 players, a local FM transmitter, and carloads of people roaming the city.

MP3 players are also radically changing DJ culture in a subtle yet powerful way. With their user-friendly interface and low cost in comparison with turntables and records, iPods allow almost anyone to be the DJ. "It's part of the larger DIY trend," says Andrew Andrew. "If I'm DJ-ing with an iPod, and you're in the crowd with an iPod, then you could be the DJ too."

There is a sub-trend of iPod club nights where truly anyone can have fifteen minutes of fame as the DJ. The first such night, at the New York Club Apt. (pronounced A-P-T), was started by Andrew Andrew. "You walk into the club and take a number from a dispensing machine," explains one Andrew. "You know, like at a butcher shop," interjects the other Andrew. "So you get a drink, sit down at a table, and look through a book listing all the songs on the iPod." Andrew continues. "When the 'now serving' sign above the bar shows your number, you get to come up and play whatever you want. There is a big game-show clock counting down your seven minutes in heaven." Their idea has spread to clubs across the U.K., Europe and North America, including Toronto's Chelsea Room. Says co-owner Brock Shepherd, "When regular people can do small sets, instead of one DJ all night, the vibe can change completely," says Shepherd. "It's a lot more unexpected and makes for a fun, eclectic evening."

Here in Vancouver, a less random, more organized approach is going strong. Musicpeople, organized by Jonathan Nadrick, happens every Saturday at the BaySide Lounge (1184 Denman @ Davie). Nadrick began by inviting people down the club to play sets. Now, he gets calls from people wanting onto the schedule. "We give people a couple of hours behind some turntables or an iPod to play the newest or rarest music they've got," explains Nadrick. "It's a real melting pot and you never know if it's new, used, or even original."

Still, owning an iPod does not guarantee DJ success. As DJ

Leanne puts it, "If you're just building a playlist on your iPod and letting it go, that's not enough." As Andrew Andrew point out, "you have to put songs together based on the crowd."

Looking into the crystal ball, the DJs interviewed all agree that use of MP3 players will continue to grow. But, they say, three things must happen to take it to the next level. First is a 'DJ friendly' MP3 player with the ability to pitch-shift, cue accurately, and duplicate vinyl-scratch sounds. Second is a mini-mixer for MP3 players, and third is a sound output better than the headphone jack. Regardless of when such devices become available, it's clear that thanks to MP3 players, we can look forward to a more diverse mix of music in a more diverse range of locations from a more diverse group of DJs.

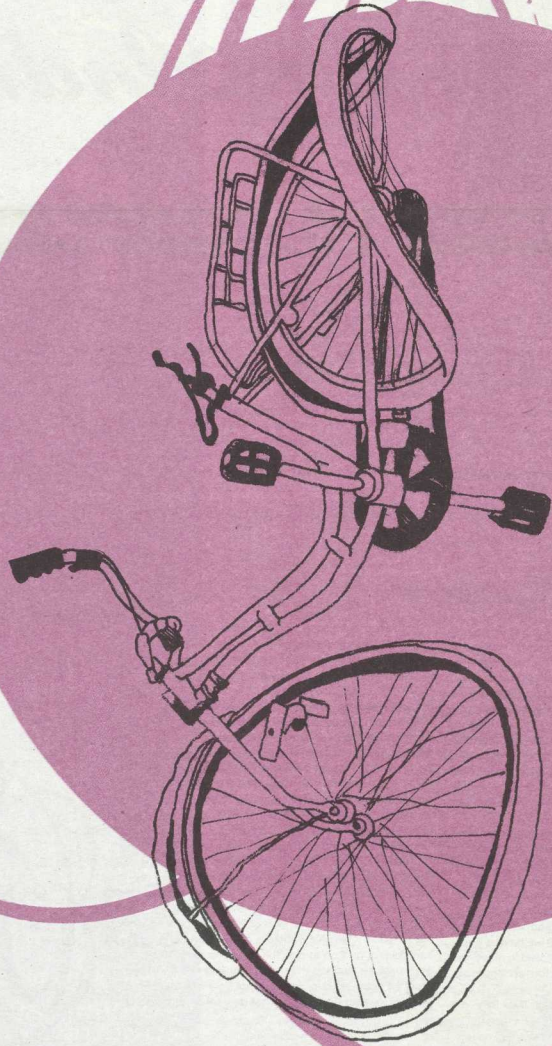


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6	Tsunami Bomb, Crowned King, The Loved Ones, Kane Hodder @ Mesa Luna - ALL AGES!!	7	Ink Hardcore Spoken Word @ The Asbat	8	Antibalas Afrobeat Orchestra @ The Commodore	9	Po' Girl Tour Kick Off Party with JT & The Clouds @ The Media Club; Hybrid @ Plaza Club	10	Great Aunt Ida, The Fits, Joel RL Phelps w Secret Three @ Western Front	11	Out Hud @ The Media Club; Rain and the Side-walk, Emergency, Anita Hoare and more @ The Railway Club; Damsels, Undressed, The Prohibition Jazz Band @ Grandview Legion Auditorium	12	STREET, The Draft, The Nons @ The Cellar; The Clips, Nomadic Noise @ The Media Club
13	Decide, Immolation, Skinless, With Passion @ The Commodore	14	International Dave Day	15	The Fight United, Unit 731, Secondafall @ The Brickyard	16	Xu Xu @ Mesa Luna/Primes; Chromatics, The Floor @ The Pic Pub	17	StrinMitt, DJ Fembot @ The Brickyard; The High Dials, Translators @ The Media Club; Joel & The Last of the Neighbours, Foster Kare, Eval Heard, The Approach @ Pub 340	18	Oneeyedjacks, The Winks, Prints @ The Lamplighter; Hot Breakfast CD Release Party, The Skatomatics, Children of Celebrities @ The Media Club	19	Harold Ray, The Beladons, DJ Bryce Dunn @ The Railway Club; Stephen Malkmus @ Richards
20	Anne Murray's special day.	21	Songs for the Summer Solstice @ The Media Club	22	Ponderosa, The Marvils, Three Hills @ The Brickyard	23	Anna B, Hard Candy, featuring Asia Bon Bon, Bruce Krauer Band, Mark Petersen @ The Media Club; Atomic Bitchwax @ The Brickyard	24	The Bad Plus, Scorch Trio @ The Commodore; Bone, Cursed, Evergreen Terrace, Verse @ Video-In	25	Dippytown Comics Launch Party with July Fourth Toilet and Mesca Normal @ The Lamplighter; Unholy Black Metal, Sufferance, Grimlorn @ The Brickyard	26	The Front @ Ginger 42, The Dilly Bops, Blanche @ Richards on Richards; The Slackers @ W.I.S.E. Hall
27	The Decameron/The Canterbury Tales @ Pacific Cinematheque; National HIV Testing Day	28	Bill Frisell Band @ The Centre	29	The Herbaliser, Fidelity @ The Commodore; Sweatshop Union, The Pocket Dwellers @ Richards on Richards	30	The Redscar, Dagger-mouth, Drakes, a long way home @ The Pic Pub						

Thanks to Kirsten Pudas for the Bike.

Thanks to Kirsten Pudas for the Bike.

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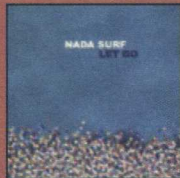
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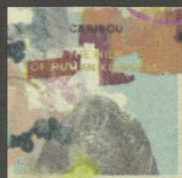


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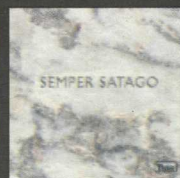
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The Hip Hop Game

By Zach Goelman

Immortal Technique



"I'm obnoxious, muthafucka can't you tell? /
Run through Little Havana screaming Viva Fidel! /
Jerkin' off with the sheets when I stay in hotels /
Drinkin' Bacardi at AA meetings, smokin' an L /
I'm broke as hell, my attitude is no good /
Like working for white people after watching Rosewood /
So I'm a mercenary, I don't care how I get richer /
Like American companies that did business with Hitler /
... /
I said it, I meant it, that's the way I deal with enemies /
Like pro-lifers who support the death penalty /
And don't talk about war, you fuckin' nigger, you puss /
A fuckin' hypocrite, draft-dodger like George Bush." /
Immortal Technique.
"Obnoxious," Revolutionary Vol. II (Viper Records 2003)



ZACHARY GOELMAN DOES NOT HOST A RADIO SHOW ON C-ITR, BUT HE IS AVAILABLE FOR PRIVATE LECTURES ON TOPICS SUCH AS MIDDLE EAST POLITICS, SCIENCE FICTION, AND WHY HE DOESN'T THINK THAT MOVIE WAS ALL THAT GREAT NOW THAT HE'S THOUGHT ABOUT IT FOR A WHILE.

Pay attention to the way hip hop artists refer to their genre as "the game." The game has been a growing reference since the late-1990s, and it calls attention to the way hip hop is played. To be a successful player, one must accumulate demonstrable wealth, present clearly defined sex appeal, and hurl constant verbal threats at competing players. The top-40 charts are the scoreboard, and artists are ranked therein.

How can one "keep it real" yet at the same time be "playing the game"? These seem to be the twin colloquialisms of mainstream hip-hop artists, yet are completely contradictory at all once. Artists want to convince us that the game is the reality, and thus playing is living. Are we then to be convinced that trying to receive five stars in a record review is a common goal amongst those in real life? When a rapper adopts a thug image to sell records in the game, does he reflect the reality of those born into thug life?

Commercial art is incredibly successful at taking true events and manufacturing them into a marketable message. Where does the game meet the reality? Amazingly, game references in hip hop are immune to the intrusions of reality. When Tupac Shakur and Biggie Smalls were murdered, the deaths of two people became little more than sentimentalism used by artists seeking to capitalize on nostalgia. Their deaths are publicly mourned by artists who display the same lyrical aggression and name-calling that likely motivated the murders. The game allows for rappers to score points by both threatening violence and mourning violent deaths, with no discussion of the inherent paradox between the two. The moral of their deaths became "don't play-to-hate."

The recent arrival of an emcee calling himself The Game illustrates this. His gangland background and near-death experience won him sensational approval with fans, and his hard and true life led him into the studio where he churned out hits wherein he sings,

"I can shoot a video to it and spend half the budget /
I'm gangster, let the 40 cal blow in public /
More hatred inside my soul than 'Pac had."

If one hasn't been following the sensational news coming out of New York's Hot 97 radio station, then know that The Game and 50 Cent exchanged heated insults through different media outlets, resulting in stabbings and shootings between their supporters. Then, the artists met and reconciled publicly in one of the most hyped-up star-stories of the year. The very real violence on the street added to the sensational nature of the issue, rather than being an ugly, criminal expression of fan rivalry.

As counter-movements arise with the swing of the pendulum, there has been a reflex against the game-ification of the art. On his most recent release, Mos Def sings,

"I don't hate players/I don't love the game /
I'm the shot-clock, way above the game /
To be point-blank with you, mutha-fuck the game" /
I got all this work homie, I ain't come to play."

Mos Def's colleague and comrade Talib Kweli ignores game-language in his latest album, focusing instead on demonstrating his love of hip hop and his love of life in his appropriately named album *The Beautiful Struggle*. While Kweli and Mos Def may see beauty in the dangerous struggles of Black America, emcee Immortal Technique

sees horror and shame. Kweli and Mos Def's idealistic, light-at-the-end-of-the-tunnel manifestos provide uplifting leadership in the movement to change the direction of hip hop; Immortal Technique serves up constant, brutal reminders of the cynical, cyclical world beyond the studio and concert.

Immortal Technique's two studio albums, *Revolutionary Vol I* and *II* are chock-full of dirty shock-and-awe lyricism. He hits you below the belt and then steps back and questions why the belt means anything. He hates the players and the game. He hates the government. The rich and apathetic, the coffee-shop revolutionaries, and anyone who speculates "what 'Pac would say." He calls himself "obnoxious nigga," and proceeds to list awful, selfish, offensive acts side-by-side with social obnoxiousities, equating the rudeness of jerking off on hotel sheets with the complicit brutality of American companies that did business with Hitler. His scraping baritone and clear articulation cuts you with every syllable of every word. He speaks frankly to those who are interested in successful careers in hip hop: "The time has come to realize your net worth in the market and stop being a fucking commodity. And if you didn't understand what I just said, then you're already waitin' to get fucked."

Mainstream hip hop, on the other hand, has embraced its commodity status. Hip hop has been reinvented as a game for easy consumption. You can take risks in a game that you wouldn't in real life. One can say things, wear things, and treat people a certain way, in a reinvention of reality that need never truly accept reality. In a 2003 interview with *The Believer*, The Roots' drummer Ahmir "Questlove" Thompson likens hip hop to a high school: "The most popular kids would be the toughest kids and the richest kids, the ones who go to class bling-bling or don't go at all." The popular kids are happy to think of their lives as a game—no seriousness, all sensation. The nerds of hip hop are well aware of the broader world and discuss ugly, important issues, but the pure vicious intelligence of Immortal Technique's lyrics reinforces Thompson's remark that: "hip hop's so-called alternative groups have been making it clear that just 'cuz they're smart doesn't mean you can kick their ass."

Parental Advisory stickers don't prepare you for what Immortal Technique delivers. He puts words and ideas together in a cesspool of hard-to-swallow similes that may invoke a visceral reaction bordering on disgust. But if you wait, and keep listening, he'll hypnotize you with lyrics that spiral downward like spoils of razor wire and leaving you craving more. He's been to prison, and he takes you there; he saw the Twin Towers fall, and he tells you what he perceived; he's seen his people, blacks and latinos, starve themselves to death hooked on crack. He gives you a glimpse of the system that he's up against; and his questions make you wonder, How many niggas own a poppy field? Or an Uzi factory? Where do the hardships come from, and who's explaining the world to you?

Before criticizing Immortal Technique for being too ugly, too extreme in his words, recall that Malcolm X was once asked if he considered himself an extremist. His answer: "Yes, I'm an extremist. The black race is in extremely bad condition." The aptly filled opening track of Vol. II, "Point of No Return" begins with a telephone call from the imprisoned Mumia Abu Jamal, subtly daring anyone to call that issue a "game." "Point of No Return" emphasizes that what's done is done, and needs to be lived and suffered with. While games have reset buttons, life is harsh. There is no reset button for Mumia Abu Jamal, and no passing go if you can't move your family out of the projects. ●

Hood



With a tip of the hat to the often unfunny George Carlin, we can see that the term "pop" is perhaps one of the most versatile in the musical dictionary: pop (Coldplay), pop (The Beatles), pop (50 Cent), pop (Blink 182), pop (Michael Jackson). Even Grime, the anti-pop genre that has been hyped ad-nauseam is at times only a shave away from being swallowed by that all encompassing modifier. If you don't believe me, check out Lady Sovereign's "Random": you could call it Grime-Pop, or Pop-Grime, but you'd probably come off looking like an idiot. The fact is that pop is something that Leeds' Hood is well aware of; it is something they have observed, used, and avoided in their thirteen year career and the term popped up a number of times in our interview.

Hood released their first 7" single in 1992, and since then they have released sixteen more singles and nine full-length albums. Yet despite averaging almost two releases a year and maintaining an output that has been steady rather than sporadic, Hood remains rather reclusive. Their approach to touring, especially, and songwriting ensures that they are not necessarily accessible.

"[Touring] can be a chore. We didn't tour for years and years, but we've had little pockets where we've done a lot. At first the lack of touring was a necessity as the band was a hobby and we all had day jobs or university courses. But later on there were times we chose to stay off the road and keep a low profile," the band told me when asked about the sparseness of their touring over the years.

"I'm utterly convinced," founding member Richard Adams said, "that if you become part of a scene or get hyped, then that prevents you from existing somewhere down the line because people will always be reminded of that scene. This is particularly true in the UK. You have to stand out on your own. It's the only way for us, we need to keep to ourselves and to ignore what else is going on and follow our own

path." Hood have developed in relative isolation, moving from rather non-descript, guitar driven, lo-fi indie rock into a more progressive sound that employs a greater range of instrumentation and electronics. But remaining comfortable has an obvious price.

"Our location and lack of touring has kept us away from the spotlight so that we can carry on without distractions and make music that we think is good. We're in a fairly comfortable spot, I suppose, but financially it's a nightmare—that's the downside."

With a humble D.I.Y. mentality, Hood are at a point now where they are creating challenging music for themselves and for their fans in a fashion that keeps both comfortable. They balance an inclination to incorporate pop stylings (they cite New Order, Red House Painters, and old R.E.M. as early influences) with their concern for writing interesting music.

"We do strive to have listenable songs that you can sing in the shower. I think we do have pop sensibilities because that's a large part of what we listen to. It does frustrate us when people don't see that in our songs," they told me.

The balance between remaining listenable and making music that is too predictable is obviously something that Hood takes into consideration. "A lot of the albums that are doing well now are just straightforward—you can see where the songs are going from a mile off," Richard explained, "but we're trying to engage the listener and make them think about what a record ought to be."

Their critically acclaimed 2001 release *Cold House* was a striking and very intentional move into experimental glitch-rock territory (CLOUDDEAD's *Dose One* and Why? significantly helped shape the record's sound). The critical response to *Cold House* directly affected the construction of their latest release, *Outside Closer*, a marked step towards the said "pop-sensibilities."

"We thought the glitch-pop thing had run its

course and it was time to move away from it. I think with *Cold House* we deliberately tried to make a record 'of its time.' With *Outside Closer* we tried to make it a bit more timeless." Where *Cold House* bordered on impenetrability, *Outside Closer* is accessible to the point that the band was concerned that they had veered too far into mainstream territory. "Well, we thought *Outside Closer* was a bit commercial and lacked surprise. How wrong could we be? I was quite taken aback though when one or two people said it was impenetrable or obscure. I really did seriously think it was a move towards the mainstream [to the point where I did get a bit worried about it]," Richard told me.

According to internet rumors, Hood may be calling it quits sometime in the near future. Those who saw Hood here in Vancouver at the end of March may have noticed some tension on stage; this piqued my curiosity. Hood spent a tremendous amount of time in the studio, (perhaps ensuring their coup de grace is as good as I can be!) and then embarked on a rare intercontinental tour. All this evidence seemed slightly more than just circumstantial. I had to ask.

"I think with [*Outside Closer*] we all felt worn down a bit by music. I think bands have their ups and downs and their down times and maybe we were feeling towards the end of the recording that it was the end of everything," he said, "but we have had those feelings before and they have passed once something new and exciting has come along." Whether Hood is exercising some discretion remains to be seen. "[In five years] I'd hope to be mainly a studio band being creative in different ways and making records how we like, without outside distraction," Richard forecasted.

Should Hood stay together, we can expect that they will remain quiet creators of challenging music that is anchored in pop, but never unadventurously. When I asked what they were listening to in the tour-van they simply replied, "Lady Sovereign." ●

Duplex! Reviewed by Children



Duplex Album (Mint Records)

My household really likes Duplex. The songs of theirs on the Sunny CD are constantly played favourites, and *Album* has quickly enchanted us. But I wondered, does the music made for children actually capture the hearts of kids? While babysitting a few weeks ago, I put the disc to the scrutinous ears of two of my favourite kids, 9 year old Nora and her 5 year old brother Quinn. This is what they had to say.

DISORDER: Say your names and how old you are.
Nora: My name is Nora and I'm nine years old.
Quinn: Hey yo, I'm Quinn, and I'm five, yo!

Okay, so the CD we are going to listen to is called *Album*, by a band called Duplex. Of all the songs on this CD, what do you want to listen to?
N: Um, "The Salad Song."

The Salad Song

What do you think so far?
N: I like it.
Does it make you want to dance?
N: Yeah, but I have something stuck to my leg right now.
What's stuck to your leg?
N: A Lincoln Logs box!
So Nora, what CDs do you listen to when you choose music yourself? what's your favourite?
N: Cake.
Cake? What's your favourite Cake song?
N: "No Phone."
Okay, why?
N: I like Cake "No Phone" because I like the tune. The words don't make very much sense.
Do you think the words to this song make any sense?
N: Yeah.
Does it make you want to eat salad?
N: Mmm. No. Not exactly.
Q: Can I pick a song?

[Nora reads the track list aloud, from "Yr Mama" to "Poing and Peeing"]
Q: Poing and Peeing!! [giggles]
Quinn, does "Poing and Peeing" make you giggle?
[Quinn laughs]
Quinn! The words haven't even started yet and you're laughing like a maniac!
[Quinn starts coughing]

Poing and Peeing

[The song begins with "He was a-poing, and a-peeing at the same time"]
[Quinn starts laughing and coughing at the same time, juice comes out of his nose.]
Have you ever heard a song about poo before?
Q: Yeah, [sings] Poo and pee was on the wall and down somebody's BUTT!
Do you think this song is better than that one?
N: I think it's better, because that one SUCKS!
In a song do you guys think it's important that the words make any sense?
N: No.
What's the most important part of a song?
N: The nice rhythm.
Q: I want to listen to it again!
Let's open the case. This is a picture of the

band. These are some kids, and some of these are their parents and some of these are their friends. Do you think it would be fun to be in a band like that?
N: Mm hm.
Quinn, if you were going to be in a band, what instrument would you want to play?
Q: The bass guitar.
And what would you call your band?
Q: The Bumping Skulls!
What kind of music would you play?
Q: I would play, rock and roll...and ranch music mixed together.
Like country music?
Q: Yeah, mixed together.
But what about you Nora? have you ever thought about playing an instrument in a band?
N: I already play piano, and I want to play electric guitar.
And if you started a band what would you call your band?
N: Black Scorpion.
Ooh, that's kinda scary.
N: Or maybe Zalas
Have you ever asked anybody to play in a band with you?
Q: I would call my band The Naked Butts!
N: Well, Quinn wanted to be in the Black Scorpions for a while, but we didn't really do it, and now Quinn's making up

a band called the Bumping Skulls, and my friend Tara might be in our band.
So, Quinn and Nora, is there a last song on the cd that you want to listen to?
N: "Heating Up the Milk."
"Heating up the Milk" it is. Do you guys know what a duplex is?
N: No.
Quinn, do you know what a duplex is?
Q: Skupid Butts
No, it's a house that's divided in two. Like two houses attached together.
N: Why did they name their band that?
I don't know. Can you think of any reasons?
N: Maybe they live in one.
["Peeing and Poing" comes on again]
Q: [giggles manically] I'm peeing and poeing!
I don't think it's time for bed. ●

DORY KORNFIELD: ROCK AND ROLL BABYSITTER AVAILABLE FOR HIRE.



UNDER REVIEW

13&god

S/T
(Anicon)

Last summer *Themselves* toured North America with the *Novlist*, and at their performance at the Commodore Ballroom, they collaborated onstage for the first time ever. At least that's what I've heard. I had left the Commodore shortly after the *Novlist* began their set to go drink at Vancouver's meadhead hotspot: The Cambie. Regardless, a collaborative release was inevitable and, for fans of either group, highly anticipated.

The result, dubbed *13&god*, is less juvenile than the *Novlist's* Neon Golden and more controlled than *Themselves's* The No Music. This album is far less adventurous or ambitious than many of its Anicon predecessors, but not surprisingly, the losses in the experimental column make for a tremendous net gain. It stands as a calculated display of each band's respective strengths and is rarely marred by their weaknesses. Dark, quiet and delicate, the album drifts almost seamlessly through ten tracks of *Adam "Dose One" Drucker's* cerebral unwindings ("Soft Atlas") and *Markus Archer's* gentle vocalizations ("Perfect Speed"). Its strong percussive backbone (courtesy of SP-1200 wizard *Jel*, I presume) keeps the album from drifting and allows the listener to disengage and enjoy the album's atmosphere and instrumentation.

Be warned though, 13&god may be easy on the ears, but that doesn't necessitate an easy listen. There is no lack of thought-encouraging substance for a discerning critic. From the sad and ironic samples at the start of "Afterlode" to Dose's philosophic garrulous overtop the sparse piano of "Soft Atlas," 13&god's intentionality provides ample food for thought and sets a consistent mood that guides you comfortably into an existential K-hole while you light up your third cigarette in a row. Hopefully we will hear more from this self-proclaimed super-group; this first release is making me think that I never should have gone to the Cambie.

Mike Barrow

Chet
Kaval
(The Hive)

If I reach for back, I can recall the collective voices of the *New Kids on the Block* having a profound impact on my

emotional state. At age eight I had an early start on polygamous dreams: the cupcake of my heart was iced with the names *Danny, Johnny, Donnie, Jordan*, and of course *Joey*. Now there is only one voice that has the same effect on me, and if I was more eloquent I would write endless love letters to it.

Ryan Beattie, you coy temptress, your siren of a voice and the way it jumps from octave to octave gives *Mariah Carey* nightmares. You seltishly roped me in with *Tiger in the Window*; then nothing else mattered to me. Months went by, the seasons changed, and not even a phone call. I was about to give up, bitter and jaded, until now, until *Kaval*, *Tiger's* lovely droning melodies ring triumphant, and the voice, good god, THE VOICE. Trapped in a prison of Chet's design, I am once again left to the business of unrequited love.

Ebony Bertorelli

Despistado
The People Of and Their Verses
(Jade Tree)

Guest Posted: Thu Dec 8, 2004 9:05 pm: They rule too much to break up, your troubles is all.

Jade Tree Posted: Thurs Feb 10 2005 9:38 am: Well it's time to quell the rumours. It's not your problems....

I bet *Tim Owen* and *Danen Walters* from *Jade Tree* Records spent a good portion of January trying to convince the former members of *Despistado* to stay together. After three years of relentless touring, their high-energy post rock had won them a legion of fans across the country. *Jade Tree* were on the verge of releasing the follow-up to the successful *The Emergency Response EP* when the band decided to call it a day. The label stuck by them though, and *The People Of and Their Verses* recently became a digital-only release available through their website, www.jadetreecore.com.

Despistado have the post-punk formula down pat, and they pull it off better than most. The two guitars weave their parts around each other, rapidly switching back and forth between quiet picking and fast angular chords, while the drums and bass keep things ass-shakingly danceable. Unfortunately most of the songs feel like collections of smaller parts and they start to blur together. There are a few stand-out tracks: "Burning House" opens the album with a blast of energy

that's not found elsewhere on the album, and *Dagan Hardings's* yelping, while consistent throughout, is especially strong on "Magnetic Streetlights." Overall it's a solid first record and it's a shame we won't be able to see what they would have done next.

Robb Sonic

Hrsta
Stem Stem in Electro
(Constellation Records)

God bless them, *Constellation Records* have released another group in their (almost) exclusively Montreal pure-blooded family/label tradition. This time, they have incorporated an original founding member of *Godspeed You! Black Emperor!* (Mike Moya), members/associates of *Hangedup, Sackville*, and *A Silver Mt. Zion* (Eric Craven and Harris Newman), and a member of the closely related, *Set Fire to the Beams* (Brooke Crouser). Of course, the trademark Montreal paranoia is out in full force, but the most obvious difference here is the presence of more traditional song structures, with vocals. Unfortunately, the addition of vocals for me felt like a movie adapted from a good book. Just like an actor ruining one's perfect impression of a literary character, *Stem Stem* almost feels like a *Godspeed* album that's somewhat more accessible, spelt out, and ultimately predictable. There is a lot of good to be found here, but as far as I'm concerned, nothing that compares to the emotional and physical power of the other bands. Good to know they won't be quitting their day jobs.

Soren Bros.

Gruff Rhys
Yr Alal Genhedlaeth
(Placid Casual/Rough Trade)

I wanted to write a review of the new solo album by the lead singer of the *Super Furry Animals* because I think they're a great band and because I'm attracted to the idea of hearing an album entirely composed of Welsh songs. What I didn't want was the repetitive nonsensical chant found on every song (but especially on "Rhaglunlaeth Ysgafn," "Y Gwybodudion" and "Ni Yw Y Byd") haunting me day in and day out, taking over my mind in the most vile, vicious way imaginable. You see, in making an album that is completely lyrically isolated from the vast majority of its listeners, Rhys chose to overcompensate

on the infectious melody side. Luckily perhaps, only a talented songwriter such as Rhys could pull this off, actually coming out with an immediately affecting, but entirely incomprehensible album. For the unsuspecting listener, however, this album can be bewildering, if not fully dangerous.

Soren Bros.

The Locust
Safety Second, Body Last
(Ipecac)

This ten-minute-and-ten-second, two track, five movement release from San Diego's *The Locust* has been labeled their most accessible to date. Yes, bassist/singer Justin Pearson's voice still makes me think of a crazy, angry, foot-stomping, demon boy in the supermarket, but even with all the instrumental deliberations of this album, everything fits together like a beautifully violent vacation.

This album is glorious for people like me who had a previously low "30 second Locust scream song" attention span. Anytime the shattering insanity seems like it'll be too much, they totally switch it up with something peaceful and creepy and then right when you think you're safe, you're slammed again and then it's over... [sigh]

Natalie Vermeer

Tolan McNeil
There Will Always Be a Salesman
(Red Cat Records)

In my mind *Tolan McNeil* is the equivalent of *Allfred* from *Batman*. The quiet guy behind the scenes who cleans and showcases the nifty gadgets that *Batman* and *Robin* get to fool around with, who controls the particulars of a mission from the safety of the mansion. Lucky Mouse Studios in Victoria may not be a mansion, but *Tolan* has put his golden touch on the albums of bands like *Chet*, *Hank Pinn* and *Lilly Fawn*. *Frog Eyes*, and *Carolyn Mark*. Seeing *Tolan* step out of his role as producer creates great anticipation. I mean if *Allfred* got to kick ass, what would his roundhouse look like?

To be honest, with this album I was hoping for a *Dale Morningstar*! Grew Up on *Sodom Road* situation, and I may have partially gotten my wish with *McNeil's* genre hopping, but brilliance was not to be had. Don't get me wrong, *Salesman* is not bad. The majority of the album had a down home all-country feel with

songs like "One Will Be Late", and "Now That's Not Fair." Unique stand out songs like "Mom Mom Mom", and the cover of *Captain Beefheart's* "The Cardboard Cut-Out Sundown" gives it body. I wouldn't discourage anyone from buying this album as it's a definite bonus to any collection. However, if you're cornered on the street by the *Joker* and *Calwoman*, *There Will Always be a Salesman* may not save your ass.

Ebony Bertorelli

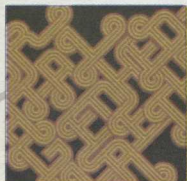
Nine Inch Nails
With Teeth
(Interscope)

Soon after *Pretty Hate Machine* stomped out a unique style of industrial rock in the late 80s—popper than contemporaries *Ministry* and *Skinny Puppy* but still raw and aggressive—*Nine Inch Nails* mastermind *Trent Reznor* lost his focus as a musician. Personal problems dominated every aspect of his songwriting, resulting in the rage of the *Broken EP* and the desolate soundscapes of *The Downward Spiral*. More recently, *The Fragile's* dramatic vision was marred by lack of direction and sprawling sonic excess.

After a five-and-a-half year break to wrest himself from the grip of addiction, *Reznor* has rediscovered his love of music. *With Teeth* is the simplest and most song-based disc from *NIN* since their debut. Compared to *The Fragile*, it's an exercise in restraint; instruments and effects enter and disappear with clear and poignant musical intention. Electric bass snakes around shattering glitch beats at the start of "All The Love In The World," while the title track drops from marching synth lines and acerbic vocals into quavering, earnest singing accompanied only by a piano, before jolting back into the main melody.

No new lyrical ground is broken, but the familiar themes of angst and confusion are toned down and more fluently expressed than in the past. Spoken-word sections, falsettos, and sustained notes have control and confidence—and the screams and howls, when they appear, are more connected with the song than with trying to exercise personal demons. *With Teeth* shows that after a decade of being an architect of desolation, *Trent Reznor* is still a master of crafting direct, satisfying industrial-rock tunes.

Simon Foreman



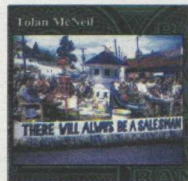
Gruff Rhys



Hrsta



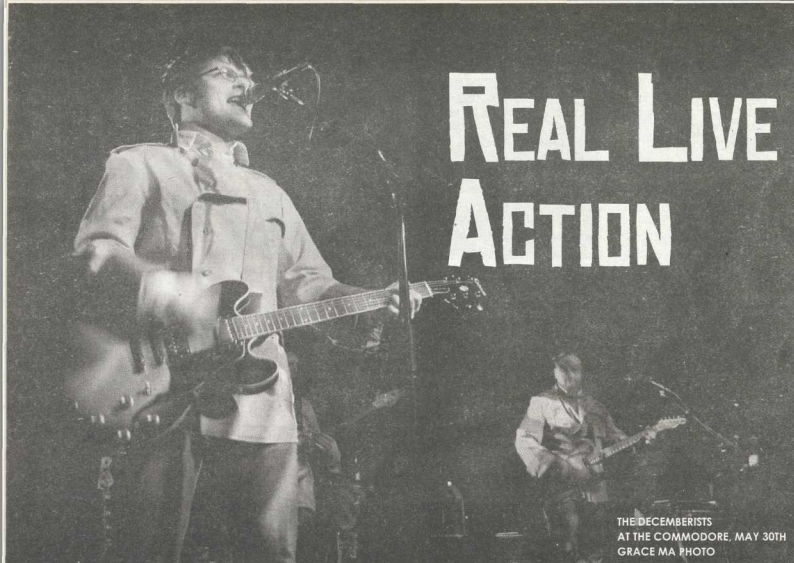
The Locust



Tolan McNeil



Nine Inch Nails



THE DECEMBERISTS
AT THE COMMODORE, MAY 30TH
GRACE MA PHOTO

The Weakerthans

Constantines

Ida Nilson

April 30

Richard's on Richards

If you look up honesty in a dictionary, you will find two definitions. The second is a southeastern European houseplant that has pretty purple flowers. The first, though, refers to the quality of being genuine and sincere, and these two bands have recently been tagged the most honest bands in Canada, apparently with good reason.

To start off the night, **Ida Nilson** (of *Beans and Radiogram* fame/anonymous) played a fifteen minute set. FIFTEEN MINUTES. I realize that she is a member of neither of the main bands, and I only caught the last song of her solo-with-piano set, but to even attempt to win over a crowd in fifteen minutes takes something from deep inside the heart. Let's just say that only an honest band would invite such an honest local singer-songwriter to open their show.

The **Constantines** began setting up their equipment immediately, without being pretentious or making a big deal out of anything. The Constantines are amazing every time I see them, and of the 4 times I have seen them, this time blew me away the most. They have wicked guitar solos and just generally awesome power.

So I'm not the biggest fan out there of **The Weakerthans**, but these guys were so honest that while they were playing one of their more popular songs, a boy in the front of the crowd passed out and Samson put the song on hold, just to check if he was alright (Awwwww). Also worthy of mention is that I stopped to look around me during their set, and every single person in the room was straight-faced and mouthing

the words to nearly every song, looking deeply emotionally connected to each other and the band. While normally I would say that this type of behaviour falls closer to cultism than a response to honesty (which, now that I think about it, also ties in with the fact that the Constantines insisted on everyone holding their fists in the air as some kind of salute...), the fact is that these guys just have honest faces, and isn't that what really counts?

Soren Biss

The Dead Science

Eluvium

Sun Vow

Bill Horst

May 6

The Vera Project, Seattle

I'm going to review this show in reverse order, because it was the opener who turned what would have been a memorable show into an unforgettable one, and I want to save the best for last.

The **Dead Science** pulled off their unique mix of smoky cabaret, jazz, and rock to the point of perfection. Even though the singer's voice rarely rose above a seductive croon, the trio attacked their instruments with a discipline and passion rarely seen, hammering through a brand new set of songs not found on their debut, *Submariner*, or their new EP *Bird Bones* in the *Bug House*, both underrated gems forged in the depths of Seattle's vibrant music scene. While many Seattle bands have been catapulted to relative tiers of fame, from **Modest Mouse** to **Death Cab to the Blood Brothers**, the **Dead Science** perfectly illustrate how there is still a slew of undiscovered bands in Seattle that equally deserve to break out onto the national scene (if not more).

Eluvium was the only disappointment of the night, as the breath-robbed gorgeousness

of their newest, *Talk Amongst the Trees*, was marred by squealing feedback and other technical difficulties. Its oceanic pulses of ambience gently ascending to the stratosphere were also replaced by a stagnant pool of sound, pretty on its own, but once stretched past the ten minute mark, it failed to hold the audience's attention.

They were especially disappointing after following **Sun Vow**, who nailed a similar formula of calculated beauty, dressed in post rock skin. Glacial melodies erupted into triumphant climaxes, recalling a more upbeat and to-the-point **Explosions in the Sky**. They deftly balanced build-up and release, remaining nimble and engaging while retaining a tremendous force and weight behind their music, a mix rarely achieved in post-rock.

But the true star of the night was **Bill Horst**, a solo guitarist who put on the most impressive musical display I've ever seen. Most would be quick to label the assault on his guitar—with everything from tweezers to broken car parts—as experimental or avant-garde, and then judge it by the preconceptions of masturbatory pretentiousness and abrasiveness associated with those genres. But far from being an obtuse exercise in sonic exhibitionism, the sounds he conjured were otherworldly, chillingly beautiful and overwhelming. Even though I was watching everything he was doing, I could swear for the life of me there were a thousand other musicians tucked away somewhere in the room, conjuring these sounds on his command. He was so good, it was distracting: I'd stop to savor the sheer brilliance of what he'd just pulled off, only to realize he'd done it three more times while I was off reliving that moment of sonic perfection. While guitar heroics are often measured by the speed of one's wank or the

sloppiness of indie aesthetics, it's refreshing to see the real heroes like Horst not only pushing the boundaries of the guitar as a sonic tool, but of music and its ability to move the soul.

Ben Fussell

Snow Patrol

Embrace

May 6

Vogue Theatre

Embrace easily sells out shows back home in England, but on this side of the pond they were filling the role of opening band. Still, there were more than a few overzealous British and Irish fans in the room to witness their first visit to Vancouver. Too bad the sound system at the Vogue was hi-and-

miss as the band's vocals and lyrics in their grandiose anthems were often not loud enough. If you needed proof of how influential the band is in England, look no further than their newest single, "Gravity." Singer Danny McNamara mentioned that Chris Martin of **Coldplay** wrote the pretty ballad and thought it was more of an Embrace song, so he gave it to the band. Now that's what I call a gift.

Noticing that the audience was a little too comfortable in their seats, McNamara demonstrated how to stand and look like you're jumping to the music. With the lesson over, everyone stood up and the band kicked into the fun and upbeat organ riff of "Save Me." They ended their set with the gorgeous haunting ballad, "Out of Nothing."

Where did all these **Snow Patrol** fans come from? They started off with feel-good "Chocolate" and most of the set list was from *Final Straw* including, "Wow," "Grazed Knees," and the moving "Same." They also resurrected their past with a **Reindeer** Section tune and really had fun rocking out. Guitarist Nathan Connolly got to show off a great set of pipes on back-up vocal duties. The new addition of bassist Paul Wilson raised the group's energy level and punky side. Ripped out from the pages of a Hollywood script, singer Gary Lightbody locked eyes with a random guy in the crowd; he joked with the audience that he owed this new "special love" to the stage lights because they hit his hair at the right angle. Mental note: invest in personal spotlight.

As a preview of things to come, they played three new tunes. Two were pure all-rock and the third was a lovely melody. The crowd's energy surged once again during the encore when Snow

Patrol launched into the clap-along beat and fun harmonies of "Tiny Little Fractures." The crowd also had a thrill singing the first few verses of their band's single, "Run," and basked in the dazzling glow of light and music.

Emily Khong

Wolf Eyes

Magnetizing

May 7

Media Club

I was late to this show, so I didn't get to see **Magnetizing**, but a friend of mine described his set as "lots of knob-twiddling, sort of music box meets haunted house soundtrack." The old-school noise fiends seemed underwhelmed, but the kids ate it up. Good music to fall asleep to, apparently, though whether or not the artist would take that as a compliment, I couldn't say.

Wolf Eyes' set was pretty different from the **Sonic Youth** opener they put on at the Commodore last summer. That time, it was one 45-minute jam that started as shapeless junkyard drone-and-clang and built into an awesome raw sewage rave-up with an unholy groove that got the crowd movin' and screamin'. For the Media Club's smaller audience of dedicated **Wolf Eyes** fans, the band was more interested in shredding brainstems than moving hips. Rather than working up a rhythm, all three members just bent over their homemade implements—suitscases full of dials and wires, guitars and bosses welded and duct-taped to unidentified electronics—and cranked out a howling feedback vortex that went straight to the guts like psychological warfare.

This was no art-school experiment, either. The members of **Wolf Eyes** are thick-necked



Wolf Eyes

MICHELLE MAYNE PHOTO

dudes, one sweaty and hairless, the other two invisible beneath mottled moans. These guys are pizza-and-beer types, and their noise is industrial catharsis, not conceptual pretension. I like to think of these noise storms as an attempt to exorcise the cultural oblivion of a Midwest upbringing, a kind of therapeutic vomiting that gets something off the band's chest while staging a nihilistic assault on the aural landscape of suburbia. Of course, I have no idea if the band would agree.

The audience reaction varied. There were the true heads at the front, the guys who must really grasp this junk-sick headscape: eyes closed, fists clenched, bent over with neck muscles straining. I figure that Wolf Eyes must be like church for these dudes (and they were all dudes, believe me). There were the keen hipsters, sharp-dressed and screaming for more after every song ("cuz noise is totally the new badass this season"). And finally, there was the crowd of the back: gawkers, randoms, and the jaded noise hounds who've seen it all before. There was plenty of heckling from this peanut gallery, but the "fuck you"-ing was more collaborative than dismissive, and when Nate, the singer, had to pause between songs 'cuz he felt ill (long story, apparently), the crowd cheered him on: "Puke! Puke! Puke!" I wouldn't blame him for a touchy stomach—Wolf Eyes makes me feel queasy, too—but I've gotta salute anybody that's willing to live in this bad-vibes nightmare 24/7. It must take a lot of fortitude.

Saelan Twerdy

LCD Soundsystem M.I.A.

May 10 Commodore Ballroom

Thanks to the workings of the hype machine, James Murphy (a.k.a. LCD Soundsystem) and M.I.A. held a sold-out dance party.

"Mommy, why aren't there more girl MCs in the world?" M.I.A. is one of the coolest British acts to come 'round these parts and was the perfect match to LCD. Her comrades were a sidekick vocalist, and DJ Diplo who started the set with a hilarious scratch session where images of a pressed case between *Bush* and *Tony Blair* flashed in sync with the beats. Both M.I.A. and her backup singer may be petite but they owned the stage. Back-up dancers need not apply 'cuz they know how to strut.

Killer melodies like "Fire Fire" were backed up by M.I.A.'s smooth rhymes and Diplo's grooves. He sampled songs like "Sweet Dreams" and "Baby Got Back". M.I.A.'s music has the right amount of hip hop, reggae, bhangra and dance-hall to keep the dancing to a maximum.

Despite their girlish tone, the ladies managed to sing with balls:

what they lacked in powerhouse vocals was made up for in their killer delivery. The night was a mish-mash of everything. "10 Dollar" sounded like an African chant mixed with house beats and lyrics like "suck you like a lollipop" played off their innocent faces. M.I.A. ended the set with the do-wha-t-want lyrics of "Hombre." The group got the crowd cheering for an encore an opener has received at The Commodore in a while.

The album does not prepare one for an LCD experience. James Murphy, looking like he had just finished a shift at a local music store, filled the stage to capacity with a drummer, electro/dub sampler specialist, guitarist/drummer and bassist/Moog player. The opening number, "Beat Connection", was the Grade-A choice for displaying LCD's sound: a collision course of bombastic new wave/disco/garage rock crashing into major beats.

With no time to rest, the band played tracks like, "Give It Up," "On Repeat," and made-for-the-80s "Tribulations" with its awesome bass riff. The crowd manically danced like it was going out of style. Between breaths, Murphy purposely introduced only the drummer to the audience and pointed to him for cheers throughout the night. He even rewarded a fan with one of his own beers for singing all the lyrics. Murphy's deadpan vocal delivery of "Losing My Edge" was genius. "Yeah" had the easiest chorus to sing along to and was a fantastic set closer. Its melody built up into a complete wall of distortion and Murphy screamed amongst all the fuzz until the bassist was on his knees plugging his ears. The only thing to do was to stand in awe. The crowd wanted more after the encore, "Jump into the Fire" but Murphy said they didn't know any more songs.

Yeah, yeah, yeah...one of the best live performances this year.

Emily Khong

The Books The Long Ranger Mia Del Todd May 13

Chap Suey, Seattle
The only thing better than a road trip is a road trip to see your favourite band. I've been thoroughly devoted to *The Books* since *Thought for Food* came out in 2002, and they've only grown in stature with each of their fascinatingly self-contained albums. Until now, though, they've never toured. How could they? Their sample-heavy music has elements of voice, guitar, cello, and other instruments, but they're all chopped to bits, processed and rearranged into polyphonic collages. The pleasure of listening to *The Books* is in the way they constantly surprise you, using startling juxtapositions of voice and sound to generate

warmth, humour, even a sense of the miraculous through songs that simply don't behave like songs. With the release of this year's *Lost and Safe*, however, you could feel them gearing up to hit the road. For the first time, they had an album that felt played rather than merely constructed, and if they sacrificed a small amount of unpredictability, they gained a new level of thematic depth and emotional resonance, especially through their new emphasis on lyrics. So it was with great anticipation that I drove to Seattle to see how *The Books* would translate their electro-acoustic folktronica into a live performance.

There were two opening bands. The first was a disposable dance-pop group called *The Long Ranger*, and the second was the sublime *Mia Del Todd*, who has lent her wispiness Joni Mitchellisms to songs by *Prufuze 73* and *The Postal Service*.

Then there was *The Books*. With less than half a dozen live appearances under their belts, they were flawless. Their samples were integrated seamlessly with the performance, as were a selection of videos that were only a small part of the night's exhilarating sequence of surprises. For an opener, they launched into "That Right Ain't Shit" with a passion. All those stuttering, glitched-out noises that you thought were processed edits? They played them live. Paul de Jong was banging on the strings of his cello with his bow in triple-time while Nick Zammuto went two-hand tapping up the neck of a five-string bass. They brought Anne Doerner with them, who was a big part of 2003's *The Lemon of Pink*, and she sang and played clavinet and banjo and some other instruments. About halfway through their set, she broke up *Books* material with a sultry Cajun French folk song.

Nick's little brother Mikey, perhaps familiar to fans as *Thought for Food*'s "Mikey Bass," came out after the second song and proceeded to show off on his acoustic bass. The age range is one of the nicer things about this band: the oldest member is over twice as old as the youngest. It makes them feel like a family. Their videos were equally enchanting. Some of them were old home movies (Mikey on a trampoline, Nick's adolescent head slowly rising up in front of a TV with the video for "Smells Like Teen Spirit" playing on it, Paul as an infant spitting out his food), some were found video (Japanese schoolkids in the video for "Tokyo") and some of them were just words. One of the best moments was during "Smells Like Content" when every syllable being sung appeared on the screen as a homonym: "garnered wisdom" became "gar/nerd/whiz/dumb." A repeated sample of the word "meditation" became anagrams

of itself: "I tamed Toni." "Do it in meat."

As a friend of mine once said, most good bands do one of two things: they blow your mind or they break your heart. The *Books* do both, and the humour, humanity, and sincerity of their music registered all over the huge smiles on their faces when every song was greeted with raucous applause. They seemed as surprised and happy as we were to find out what they were capable of.

Saelan Twerdy

And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead The (International) Noise Conspiracy We Are Wolves May 20 Commodore Ballroom

Got down in enough time to see a majority of the Montreal trio known as *We Are Wolves*: how these guys scooped an impressive bill such as this is beyond me, but they did get the crowd dancing. No small feat, I assure you, but as one member pounded out primitive beats in time with the other member plunking keys whilst the third yelled and stomped alternately between guitar and bass, you had the recipe for some hip-swingin' even if it was tres *difficile* to decipher the band's lyrical content. That said, you have to give them some credit for entertaining us so early; perhaps

they'll be back rockin' some smaller venues in the future.

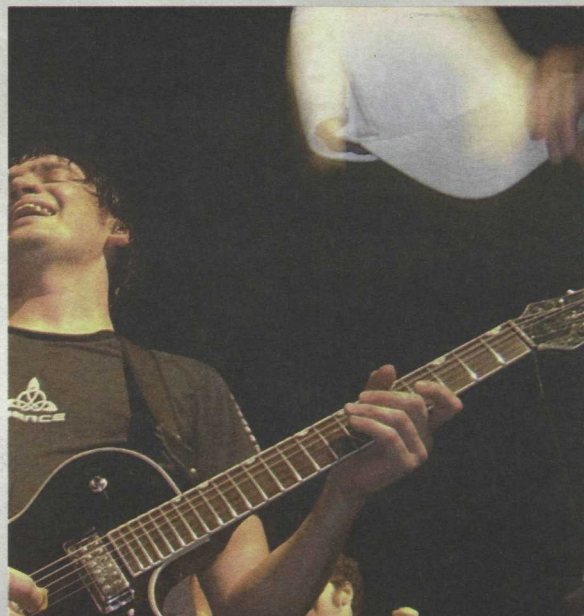
The Swedes were up next, and for a band that's still weathering the storm of not having a North American distribution deal for their most recent album *Armed Love* (already a year and a half old in their native Scandinavia), they appeared nonplussed and ready to rock our socks off. For the fifth(!) time, Vancouver was witness to one of the best live bands on the planet today. Complete with huge banner, matching green camo jackets and truckloads of energy, Dennis Lyxzen and company focused their sights on setting us straight when it comes to making a difference in the world but having a damn good time while doing it. He also proved he still has the moves that would make even the Godfather Of Soul blush, although at one point it bordered on bizarre, as guitarist Lars Stromberg and Dennis got tangled and decided to make the best of it by wrestling with each other. The band cruised through mostly new material from *Armed Love*, and also squeezed out a couple of oldies, most notably "Capitalism Stole My Virginity," but a few others from *Survival Sickness* and *A New Morning*, *Changing Weather* ("Born Into A Mess," anyone?), couldn't have hurt.

After that dynamic display, another kind of dynamic stage was set as the pride of Austin returned again to Vancouver after giving

the city its best performance, yet back in 2003 at Richard's On Richards. How they would top that was, I'm sure, the question on the minds of many in the audience, but I was just awestruck the minute the first chords were played. Two drummers is always a sure-fire bet to get me amped on a show, and there were moments when I thought the bookstore underneath was finally going to get their insurance money collected as the pummeling of drums caused ripples that resembled small earthquakes. I couldn't name a song to save my life, but I'm sure the majority of content was culled from their newest release *Worlds Apart*, and the intensity with which these guys play is impressive, taking into account the number of times instruments were swapped between members.

To save the road crew the headache of clean up, Trail Of Dead kept the chaos to a minimum, instead inviting nearly the entire audience to create it for them. Hence, a lot of confused yet cheerful crowd members ended up on stage, leaving their mark on the Commodore floor as You Will Know Them By The Trail Of Plastic Cups.

Bryce Dunn



TRAIL OF DEAD

QUINN OMORI PHOTO

CHARTS

#	ARTIST	Title	Label
1	CADEAUX	Physical City	Sound Document
2	CARIBOU	The Milk of Human Kindness	Domino
3	CHIXDIGGITY	Pink Razors	Fat
4	KID KOALA	Live From the Short Attention Span	Ninja Tune
5	THE RUSSIAN FUTURISTS	Our Thickness	Upper Class
6	P-ANO	Bigdoo	Mint
7	THE PONYS	Celebration Castle	In The Red
8	SPoon	Gimmie Filion	Merge
9	THE RAVEONETTES	Pretty In Black	Sony
10	ONEIDA	The Wedding	Three Gut
11	ARCHITECTURE IN HELSINKI	In Case We Die	Bar None
12	YO LA TENGO	Prisoners Of Love	Matador
13	SILVER MT. ZION	Horses In the Sky	Constellation
14	MANDO DIAO	Bring 'Em In	Mute
15	RESIDENTS	Animal Lover	Mute
16	HOT HOT HEAT	Elevator	Sire
17	ELECTRIC EEL SHOCK	Go USA!	Gearhead

#	ARTIST	Title	Label
18	THE PEELS	The Peels	Dim Mak
19	CANNED HAMM	Erotic Thriller	Pro Am
20	CAESERS	Paper Tigers	EMI
21	BLOC PARTY	Silent Alarm	Dim Mak
22	CASTLE PROJECT	Diaries of a Broken Heart	White Whale
23	FALCONHAWK	Here's Your Ghost	Saved By Radio
24	FANTOMAS	Suspended Animation	Ipecac
25	HANGED UP	Clatter for Control	Constellation
26	COLLAPSING OPPOSITES	Mean Letters	Independent
27	EYEBALL SKELETON	#1	My Pal God
28	MICE PARADE	Bem-vinda Vontrade	Bubble Core
29	EPOXIES	Stop The Future	Fat
30	NOVILLERO	Aim For the holes In their Hearts	Mint
31	SLEATER-KINNEY	The Woods	Sub Pop
32	RAE SPOON	Your Trailer Door	Washboard
33	ELECTRELANE	Axes	Too Pure
34	THE GO BETWEENS	Oceans Apart	Yep Roc
35	GORDON B. ISNOR	Creatures All Tonight	Lord Sir Skronk

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AVATAR

JUNE 15TH
THE FIGHT UNITED
UNIT 731
SECONDSTALL

JUNE 8TH
THE LUMPS
CULT OF GENIUS
HEVINOVA

JUNE 22ND
PONDEROSA
THE MANVILS
THREE HILLS

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THE QUIET NUMBERS

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ANDRE CHYRS • RUN GMC

Fri June 10 @ The Marine Club

SPARROW
THE NEINS CIRCA

Fri June 10 @ The Candy Bar

BADAMPS
PRINTS • THE SPINOFFS
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Sat June 11 @ The Candy Bar

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THE REGIONAL HATS
GO GHETTO TIGER
2066 Kingsway (at Victoria)

Wed June 15 @ The Railway Club

LUTHER WRIGHT
RICH HOPE &
MIKEY MANVILLE
ACOUSTIC MINDS (Portland)

Friday, June 17 @ The Media Club

Rainbow Quartz Recording Artists
from Montreal **THE HIGH DIALS**
THE TRANSMITTERS plus guests

Fri June 17 @ The Marine Club
THE COMEDOWNS plus guests

Sat June 18 @ The Waldorf
THE ROBOSSEXUALS
CADEAUX • SECOND

Sunday, June 19 @ The Railway Club

Rock'n'Soul Dance Party!
Alternative Tentacle Artists from California
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THE BELADEANS • 9pm Sharp!

Wed. June 22 @ The Railway Club

THE SEAMS • SCOTT
JACKSON & The Distractions
ANDREW BURDEN

Fri June 24 @ The Marine Club

YOU SAY PARTY! WE SAY DIE!
ANEMONES
(featuring members of Black Rice, The WFF, FAUSA,
Pink Mountaintops, The Christa Min) DJ Sipreano

Fri June 24 @ The Candy Bar

SWANK • THE NEW BLACK

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Sat June 25 @ The Candy Bar

RAISED BY WOLVES
THE JOLTS
2066 Kingsway (at Victoria)

Sunday, June 26 @ THE WISE HALL

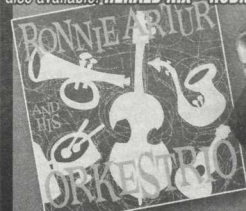
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PROGRAM GUIDE

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For CTR 101.9FM

SUNDAY

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC

9:00AM-12:00PM

All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.

THE ROCKERS SHOW

12:00PM-3:00PM

Reggae, innu, all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE a/c

3:00PM-5:00PM

Real cowboy-caught-in-her-boots country.

AFROBEAT

3:00PM-5:00PM

In two hours, I take the listener for a spin—musically—around the world; my passion is African music and music from the Diaspora.

Alfred is where you can catch up on the latest in the "World Music" scene and reminisce on the classic collections. Don't miss it.

<uget_alfred@yahoo.com>

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING a/c

5:00PM-6:00PM

British pop music from all decades.

SAINT TROPEZ a/c

5:00PM-6:00PM

International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), 60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

QUEER FM

6:00PM-8:00PM

Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues, and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA

8:00PM-10:00PM

RhythmsIndia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from Indian movies from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhojans, and also Qawwalis, pop, and regional language numbers.

TRANCE DANCE

10:00PM-12:00AM

Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystic.

<trancedance@hotmail.com>

ELECTRONIC SPECTRUM

12:00AM-3:00AM

FILL-IN

3:00PM-6:00AM

MONDAY

FILL-IN

6:00AM-8:00AM

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS

8:00AM-11:00AM

Your favourite brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights!

LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS...

11:00AM-12:00PM

ALT. RADIO

12:00PM-1:00PM

Hosted by David B.

PARTS UNKNOWN

1:00PM-3:00PM

Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host, Chris.

FILL-IN

3:00PM-4:00PM

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS

4:00PM-5:00PM

A chance for new CTR DJs to flex their musical muscles.

Surprises galore.

FILL-IN

5:00PM-6:00PM

SON OF NITE DREAMS a/c

6:00PM-7:30PM

SOLARIZATION a/c

6:00PM-6:30PM

MY ASS a/c

6:30PM-7:30PM

Phelps, Albin, 'n' me.

WIGFLUX RADIO

7:30PM-9:00PM

Listen to Selecta Krystabelle for your reggae education.

THE JAZZ SHOW

9:00PM-12:00AM

Vancouver's longest running prime-time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-suave, Gavin Walker. Features at 11:00, as listed.

June 6: Exploring the Future is a rare album recorded for a black-owned record label and demonstrated what the black jazz players of L.A. were up to in the late 50s. A hard-driving quintet lead by bassist Curtis Counce that featured legendary pianist/composer Elmo Hope and tenor sax giant Harold Land.

June 13: Jazz Festival media director John Onysk and Gavin devote the entire program to artists featured at this year's 20th anniversary Vancouver International Jazz Festival.

June 20: Tonight one of the great drum masters and one who will be playing at this year's jazz fest. On tonight's feature Roy Haynes will be leading his quartet of young players featuring the great alto saxist Frank Strozier. This was in 1963 and at the jazz fest (June 25) 80 year old Haynes will be doing the same with a different group of young players.

June 27: The Pleasure Dome is the title of a fine album from one of the great young stars of today's jazz scene. Trumpeter Jim Rotondi is a fine example of a player who understands yet is not bound by tradition. Jim, who has played in Vancouver and will again leads a quintet of young New York-based players through a great set tonight. Check out what the younger jazz guys are up to.

VENGEANCE IS MINE

12:00AM-3:00AM

All the best the world of punk rock has to offer, in the wee hours of the morn. Hosted by Trevor.

FILL-IN

3:00AM-6:30AM

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN'

6:30AM-8:00AM

Bluegrass, old-time music and its derivatives with Arthur and "The Lovely Andrea" Berman.

HIGHBRED VOICES a/c

8:00AM-9:30AM

PLEASE ROCK THE DOOR a/c

8:00AM-9:30AM

Start your weekend ridiculously early with Vancouver's super awesome fun time happy radio show. Playing all the dance-punk, electro, rock, new wave, hip hop, 80's, etc. sh't that your mom thinks is cool.

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM

9:30AM-11:30AM

Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll Deceiver than the most dangerous criminal!

<barntalky@nirvana.com>

MORNING AFTER SHOW a/c

11:30AM-12:30PM

REEL TO REAL a/c

12:30PM-1:00PM

Movie reviews and criticism.

ENGAGING THE WORD a/c

1:00PM-2:00PM

Canadian authors, fiction writers and novelists

Interviewed by James O'Hearn.

CIRCUIT TRACING

2:00PM-3:30PM

EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE a/c

3:30PM-5:00PM

«En Avant la musique» se concentre sur le métissage des genres musicaux au sein d'une francophonie ouverte à tous les courants. This program focuses on cross-cultural music and its influence on mostly Francophone musicians.

TANSI KIYAW a/c

3:30PM-5:00PM

Tansi kiyaw? is Michif-Cree (one of the Metis languages) for "Hello, How are you?" and is a monthly Indigenous music and spoken word show. Hosted by June Scudeler (for those who know me from other shows—I'm Metis!), the show will feature music and spoken word as well as events and news from Indian country and special guests. Contact me at jscudeler@ucalgary.ca with news, event listings and ideas. Megwetch!

FILL-IN

4:30PM-5:00PM

WENER'S BARBEQUE

5:00PM-6:00PM

Join the sports dept. for their coverage of the T-Birds.

FLEX YOUR HEAD

6:00PM-8:00PM

Up the punx, down the emal Keepin' it real since 1989, you, flexyourhead.vancouverhardcore.com

SALARIO MINIMO

8:00PM-10:00PM

THE LOVE DEN a/c

10:00PM-12:00AM

<love@den@hotmail.com>

ESCAPISM a/c

10:00PM-12:00AM

es+cap+ism n: escape from the reality or routine of life by diverting the mind in entertainment or fantasy.

Host: DJ Satyricon.

<DJsatyricon@hotmail.com>

AURAL TENTACLES

12:00AM-6:00AM

It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

FILL-IN

6:00AM-7:00AM

SUBURBAN JUNGLE

7:00AM-9:00AM

CTR NEWS AND ARTS

9:00AM-10:00AM

EXQUISITE CORPSE

10:00AM-11:30AM

Experimental, radio-art, sound collage, field recordings, etc. Recommended for the insane.

ANOEZ

11:30AM-1:00PM

Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

THE SHAKE a/c

1:00PM-2:00PM

MIRCH MASALA a/c

1:00PM-2:00PM

DEMOCRACY NOW

2:00PM-3:00PM

Independent news hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Juan Gonzalez.

MOTORDADDY a/c

3:00PM-5:00PM

CYCLE-THRU RAWK and roll

3:00PM-5:00PM

RUMBLETONE RADIO a/c

3:00PM-5:00PM

Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

NECESSARY VOICES

5:00PM-6:30PM

Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music. too. www.necessaryvoices.org

<necessaryvoices@telus.net>

AND SOMETIMES WHY a/c

4:30PM-6:00PM

[First Wednesday of every month.]

BLUE MONDAY a/c

4:30PM-6:00PM

Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schtomp to, hosted by Coreen.

JUICE BOX

8:00PM-9:00PM

Developing your relational and individual sexual health, expressing diversity, celebrating queerness and encouraging pleasure at all stages. Sexuality educators Julia and Alix will quench your search for responsible, progressive sexuality over your life span!

www.juiceboxradio.com

FOKK OASIS

9:00PM-11:00PM

Roots music for folkies and non-folkies... bluegrass, singer-songwriters, worldbeat, alt. country, and more. Not a mirage!

<fokk@oasis@canada.com>

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR

11:00PM-2:00AM

This is pretty much, the best thing on radio.

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM

2:00AM-6:00AM

THURSDAY

FILL - IN

6:00AM-8:00AM

END OF THE WORLD NEWS

8:00AM-10:00AM

SWEET AND HOT

10:00AM-12:00PM

Sweet dance music and hot jazz from the 1920s/30s and 40s.

UNPACK YOUR ADJECTIVES

12:00PM-1:00PM

WE ALL FALL DOWN

1:00PM-2:00PM

Punk rock, indie pop, and whatever else I deem worthy. Hosted by a closet nerd.

THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW

2:00PM-3:00PM

Comix comic comix. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.

RHYMES AND REASONS

3:00PM-5:00PM

DJ Knowlone slaves over hot-multi-track to bring a fresh continuous mix of fresh every week. Made from scratch, samples and just a few drops of fame. Our tables also have plethora of guest DJs, performers, interviews, giveaways, Strong Bad and the occasional public service announcements.

LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD

5:00PM-6:00PM a/c

Local Dave brings you local music of all sorts. The program must likely to play your band!

PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY a/c

5:00PM-6:00PM

Viva la Velourition! DJ Helme! Hair and Chainbreaker June give you all the bike news and views you need and even cruise around while doing it!

www.bikesexual.org

NUTHOUSE RADIO THEATRE

6:00PM-7:30PM a/c

Music inspired by Chocolate Thunder, Robert Robot drugs electro past and present, hip hop and intergalactic funkiness. <bolfove@yahoo.com>

NUTHOUSE RADIO THEATRE

6:00PM-7:30PM a/c

All-original Canadian radio drama and performance art written and performed live-to-air by our very own team of playwrights and voice-actors. We also welcome you to get involved, whether you are a professional or inexperienced...

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR

7:30PM-9:00PM

The best in roots, rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your snappily-attired host, Gary Olsen.

<rlptup55@telus.net>

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL

9:00PM-11:00PM

Live from Thunderbird Radio Hell showcases local talent... LIVE! Honestly, don't even ask about the technical side of this. This month will probably be the best month ever.

WORLD HEAT

11:00PM-1:00AM

An old punk rock heart considers the oneness of all things and presents music of worlds near and far. Your host, the great Daryl-ant, seeks reassurance via <worldheat@hotmail.com>.

LAUGH TRACKS

1:00AM-2:00AM

BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT

2:00AM-6:00AM

FRIDAY

FILL-IN

6:00AM-8:00AM

CAUGHT IN THE RED

8:00AM-10:00AM

Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years' worth of real rock 'n' roll debris.

SKA-T'S SCENE-1K DRIVE!

10:00AM-12:00PM

Email requests to: <djjska_1@hotmail.com>

THESE ARE THE BREAKS

12:00PM-2:00PM

Top notch crate digger DJ Avi Shock mixes the underground hip hop, old school classics and original breaks.

RADIO ZERO

2:00PM-3:30PM

NARDUWAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS...

3:30PM-5:00PM

CITR NEWS, SPORTS AND ARTS

5:00PM-6:00PM

A volunteer-produced, student and community newscast featuring news, sports and arts. Reports by people like you, "Become the Media."

THE CANADIAN WAY (formerly THE NORTHERN WISH)

6:00PM-7:30PM

Independent Canadian music from almost every genre imaginable covering the east coast to the left coast and all points in between. Yes, even Montréal! <thecanadianway@popstar.com>

AFRICAN RHYTHMS

7:30PM-9:00PM

David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa and African music from around the world.

<thecanadianway@popstar.com>

HOMEBASS

9:00PM-12:00AM

Hosted by DJ Noah: techno but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs: interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES a/c

12:00AM-2:00AM

THE VAMPIRE'S BALL

2:00AM-6:00AM

Dark, sinister music to soothe and/or move the

Dragon's soul. Hosted by Drake.

<thevampiresball@yahoo.ca>

SATURDAY

FILL-IN

6:00AM-8:00PM

THE SATURDAY EDGE

8:00AM-12:00PM

Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music, calendar and flicket giveaways.

8AM-9AM: African World roots. 9AM-12PM: Celtic

music and performances.

GENERATION ANNIHILATION

12:00PM-1:00PM

A fine mix of streetpunk and old school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers, and social commentary. <www.streetpunkradio.com> <crashburnradio@yahoo.ca>

POWERCHORD

1:00PM-3:00PM

Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Dwein, and Metal Ron do the damage.

CODE BLUE

3:00PM-5:00PM

From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban hiphop, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy and Paul.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW

5:00PM-6:00PM

The best mix of music, news, sports and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

BATTLE ZONE

6:00PM-7:00PM

Each show will make you feel as though you're listening in on conversations between political insiders. As well, this guest and caller-driven programs its guest from opposite ends of the corridor of public argument against one another in h-holds barred debate that takes you behind today's headlines.

SHADOW JUGGLERS

7:00PM-9:00PM

An exciting show of Drum n' Bass with Djs Jimungle & Bios on the ones and twos, plus guests. Listen for giveaways everyweek. Keep feelin da beatz.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH

9:00PM-11:00PM

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS

11:00PM-1:00AM

Cutting-edge, progressive organ music with resident Hothc and various guest performers/DJs. Bye-bye civilisation, keep smiling blue, where's me bloody anesthetic then? http://plutonia.org

EARWAX

1:00AM-4:30AM

"noiz tenor mindfuck hardcore like punk/beatz drop dem headz rock inna junglist mashup/distort da source full force with needlz on wax/my chaos runs rampant when i free da jazz..." Out.

REGGAE LINKUP

4:30AM-9:00AM

Hardcore dancehall reggae. Hosted by Sister B.

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

6:00	REGGAE LINKUP (RG)	FILL-IN	PACIFIC PICKIN' (RT)	FILL-IN	FILL-IN	FILL-IN	6:00
7:00				SUBURBAN JUNGLE (EC)			7:00
8:00		BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (EC)	HIGHBRED VOICES (WO)	PLEASE ROCK THE DOOR (EC)	END OF THE WORLD NEWS (EC)	CAUGHT IN THE RED (RR)	8:00
9:00	ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC (EC)		THIRD TIMES THE CHARM (RR)		CITR NEWS + ARTS (TK)	THE SATURDAY EDGE (RT)	9:00
10:00		LOONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS		EXQUISITE CORPSE (EX)	SWEET 'N' HOT (EC)	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE (SK)	10:00
11:00				ANOIZE (NO)	UNPACK YOUR ADJECTIVES (PO/EC)		11:00
12:00	ROCKERS SHOW (RG)	ALT. RADIO (PO)	FILL-IN	THE SHARE (RR)	WE ALL FALL DOWN (EC)	THESE ARE THE BREAKS (HH)	12:00
1:00		PARTS UNKNOWN (PO)	MORNING AFTER SHOW (EC)	MIRRO MACALIA (WO)			1:00
2:00			KEEL TO REAL (TK)		THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW (TK)		2:00
3:00			ENGAGING THE WORD (TK)	DEMOCRACY NOW (TK)	RADIO ZERO (EC)		3:00
4:00	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE (RT)	FILL-IN	CIRCUIT TRACING (DC/EC)	RUMBLETONE RADIO (RR)	RHYMES & REASONS (HH)	CODE BLUE (RT)	4:00
5:00	AFROBEAT (WO)	ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS (EC)	ON AIR/MT LA MANSIQUE (RR)	MOTORDADDY (RR)	NARDUWAR PRESENTS (NW)		5:00
6:00	CHUP WITH EVERYTHING (PU)	FILL-IN	WENER'S BBQ (SP)	NECESSARY VOICES (TK)	CITR NEWS AND ARTS (TK)	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW (WO)	6:00
7:00	QUEER FM (TK)	SON OF WIFE DREAMS (EC)	SOLARIZATION (TK)	AND SOMETIMES WHY (PO/EC)	THE CANADIAN WAY (EC)	RACHEL MARSLAN SHOW (TK)	7:00
8:00		MY ASS (EC)		BLUE MONDAY (GO)	AFRICAN RHYTHMS (WO)	SHADOW JUGGLERS (DC)	8:00
9:00	RHYTHMSINDIA (WO)	WIGFLUX RADIO (RG)	SALARIO MINIMO (MINO)	JUICEBOX (TK)	LIVE FROM... THUNDERBIRD HELL (LM)	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH (DC/EC)	9:00
10:00				FOLK OASIS (RT)			10:00
11:00	TRANSCENDANCE (DC)	THE JAZZ SHOW (JZ)	THE LOVE DEN (EC)	HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR (HK)	WORLD HEAT (WO)	PLUTONIAN NIGHTS (DC)	11:00
12:00		VENGEANCE IS MINE! (PU)	ESCAPISM (EC)		LAUGH TRACKS (TK)		12:00
1:00	ELECTRONIC SPECTRUM (DC)		AURAL TENTACLES (EC)	FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM (EC)	BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT (HH)	THE VAMPIRE'S BALL (G/MT)	1:00
2:00		FILL-IN					2:00
3:00							3:00
4:00							4:00
5:00							5:00
6:00							6:00

DC=dance/electronic EC=eclectic EX=experimental FR=French language G=goth/industrial HC=hardcore HH=hiphop HK=Hans Kloss JZ=jazz L=live music LO=lounge MT=metal NO=noise NW=Narduar PO=pop PU=punk RG=reggae RR=rock RT=roots SK=ska SP=sports TK=talk WO=world

sit in on zulu's round table discussion

June's critical listens

LOCAL DEBATERS: Lend us your ears...

CHET Kau'ai CD

Having recently shared the stage with big names like **The Arcade Fire**, **Low**, **Moldove** and **Fiery Furnaces**, Victoria's enigmatic transcendent rock quartet, **Chet**, are poised to end their indie-rock internship and assume a rightful place amongst their aforementioned peers. Building upon the oddball pace that beautifully shrouded the slow brooding aesthetic of their debut, **The Tiger is in the Window**, Chet has elaborated their enchanting arrangements to produce the highly compelling sonic catharsis that is **Kau'ai**. Vocalist **Ryan Beattie** has fashioned a vaporous vocal delivery that infuses the band's epic interplay of keys, guitar and percussion with a pained, **Malcolm Lowry**-esque beauty. Baked in the sun beneath the big island volcanoes, Chet's dolorous sonic phantasmagorias are the solve all evils dream of becoming entertained. In: Enjoy! Highlight tracks: **Moving back to Cold Bay** & **Grow Old Gracefully**. Enjoy again! AVAILABLE JUNE 7th

CD 14.98

SPARROW The Early Years CD

The loser will tell you that when you've finished a bottle of wine you have nothing left. The winner will regard the same green head from blown glass and find infinite possibilities in its poignant form. **Jesse Zumpano** is one such winner. He has elegantly walked into many a Vancouver recording studio with this spirit ready for session on a track. Bravely seizing up a song, finding its inherent soul and plugging in — this is all a night's work for Vancouver's **Al Kooper**, **Mike Bloomfield**, **Buddy Miles**, a.k.a. **J.Z. (Zumpano, Destroyer, and now Sparrow)**. With his second awesome release in his back pocket, **Jesse** is starting the "big time" in the face. With his hand-selected journeyman band on the road, he will surely receive his full due. If you dig up beat pop with hooks galore — and when Buddha was handing out hooks, **Jesse** was in line twice — you'll miss the for you. Go ahead and Google him guy. Whatever comes back in 25 seconds is already out of date! Note: This is not actually early recordings. It is in fact the most recent **Sparrow** available on the market. Highlight tracks include **Late Last Night**, **Gone** and **So Far From Me**. CD 14.98

THE BOOK OF LISTS Red Arrows CD

Daytime is overrated, a light-beam demarcating the primitive for night-walking. While some gotta work the night shift, others just wanna. This is something **Chris Frey** knows well. After years living in the dusk of the indie underground in bands like **Destroyer** and **Radio Berlin**, he speaks the language understood best by those who walk the edge of time dividing the PM from the AM. Here in the phenomenal darkness, he knows the spiraling chords that best follow a bourbon shot and the thick drows that can pull one into smoke. An experienced, tunnel-bored, he keeps us alert throughout per blissful nighttime swagging, guiding our passage from verse to bridge to chorus. Fans of **Felt**, **Ride**, **Roxy Music**, **Syd Barrett** and other shadowland denizens take note. There is a new band in this city that'll cover your moon-burnt body in gauzy shades of noise and psychodelia. Follow the arrows. They are real. AVAILABLE JUNE 7th

CD 12.98

CAROLYN MARK AND FRIENDS Just Married: An Album of Duets CD

Just Married is the newest step in **Carolyn Mark's** ongoing quest to conquer the world, one heart at a time. On this album, **MS. Mark** has brought on board a healing healthy of the wonderful musicians she has played with, stayed with and gone to sleep with over the years. Brought these together to sing duets. **When Carolyn Mark** calls the tune there's no shying of people who'd give their left testicle to sing along. The credits for **Just Married** read like a shopping list of Canada's most talented singers and songwriters including, but not limited to: **Donnell Brown**, **Greg Egan**, **Mercur**, **Luke Doucet**, **Corb Lund** and **The Silver Hearts**. And I tell you one thing for sure, they make beautiful music together all kinds of music... Country, Rock, Folk and Beyond. If you gave up on duets after 20 years of hearing of **Barry and Joan**, perhaps it's time you gave them another chance. You won't be disappointed. Highlight tracks: **Fireworks** (with **Mike Kofsky**) & **Bades Something Wrong** (with **Pard Pier**). AVAILABLE JUNE 7th

CD 12.98

SALE PRICES IN EFFECT UNTIL JUNE 30, 2005

STEPHEN MALKMUS Face The Truth CD

When I last saw **Malkmus** he was riding a Bianca 10-speed through the streets of downtown Portland. Strangely, our paths had been crossing all year, both down in the States and up here in velvet, befuddled and completely bemused for why. And I'm also extra-pained, like the kid in **Fluckabees Man**. I could sure use some of that **Dustin Hoffman** shit with the black bag. I need to "face the truth" — and now **Malkmus** is suggesting the same thing. Okay, here's the truth: **S.M.'s** third post-**Pavement** record continues the trajectory of greatness made clear in the last seconds of **Big Lib's** epic finale, "Be". His latest argument is on a more polylingual thesis that asserts that record collectors are the first time-boss in the world. You will hear references to the **Grownhogs**, **The Moxa**, **Split** and **Magma**. Stay late for the question-and-answer period.

CD 16.98

FOUR TET Everything Ecstatic CD/2LP

Liam Hebdens's fourth release as **Four Tet** represents the finest realization of his uniquely hybridized musical vision. Inspired by the street-smart energy of old school beat-boxing, the liberating aesthetic of today's best indie hip-hop and the energy that flows freely between **Astral Weeks** and **Indonesian Gamelan**, **Everything Ecstatic** is as the title suggests: a mind-expanding explosion of sounds. Endlessly fascinating, **Hebdens's** fused polyphony of styles serves to redefine the parameters of modern music and thus provides the real possibilities of the producer as reactor musician. The bass heavy opener, "A Joy", really sets the tone as one is instantly thrust into a mainstream of primal beats before disappearing into a haze of Krautrock jazz. This is high high fidelity.

CD 16.98 2LP 29.98

BELLE AND SEBASTIAN Push Barman to Open Old Wounds 2CD

Belle and Sebastian are back with another gorgeous two-pop line for roundtable discussion. Regarding **Strat**, **Murdoch** and his baroque band of talented Scottish minstrels, I have a secure tree for them to gather in, an impressive array of **William Morris** oak chairs for us to comfortably recline in, racks of comparative literature and an ample supply of assonance and sonnets. If interested, check out all 22 tracks on their CD/2LP new! 1999-2001. **Singles collection** 12.98, **2LP** 29.98. **Available at:** www.belleandsebastian.com or www.belleandsebastian.com

Note these two superb record period featuring their finest recordings, such as **The State** I'm in, **Photo**, **Johnny Ray**, **Live Painter**, **John**, as well as the "formative hits" that cemented their big deal with **Brass** trade, including my personal faves, **Legal Man**, **Jonathan David**, and **I'm Waking Up to Us**. **Clubs** are fun!

2CD 18.98



SMOG A River Ain't Too Much to Love CD

You will not find your typical **SMOG** somberness in this new recording by **Bad Cowboy Bill** (and not that **Bonnie Bill**, mister, I'm talking bout another **Bill**). No sir. This time, some country rode south with his back-mule blues to **Wille Nelson's** **Paden** studio, aiming to explore the deep-country outlaw sound of his brand-new mentor. Thus, the sparsely-arranged **A River Ain't Too...** is pure country, sentimental, moody, bit-let, forthright, unpretentious, indignantly drunk, dead-breaker and wry. Indeed, this is a bold new phase in this outsider band's already deep oeuvre. Other songs, such as the heartbreakingly beautiful **See the Cells** and the winsomely droll **Rock Bottom River**, harness the supreme artistry of the ballad tradition while whittling down **SMOG's** sage observations to a plaintively bare yet meditative calm. Fear not! The South hasn't changed **Bill Callahan**, but it may yet change you.

CD 16.98

TOSCA J.A.C. CD

In anticipation of the lengthy line-ups at our downtown booth to sample the Viennese magnetism of **Tosca's** magnificent new magnificence, **J.A.C.** will be roving off dedicated floor-space to allow those about to "doogie" a chance to relax, immerse up and get mentally prepared to groove, downtown-style. Scoring their signature lush, soulful sound, producers **David Hunter** and **Richard Dromshteyn** new club and can-positive express will get your mood moving with its sexy, shimmering rain-pudding pump-thump-bump. Remember, bring your workout mat with you and enjoy. **J.A.C.** also features standout vocal contributions from members of **The Walkabouts**, **Rockers MC-FI**, and the English-French newcomer, **Sima Fanihi**.

CD 16.98

TEENAGE FANCLUB

Man Made CD You must have seen **Le Tour** (the 90's Volkswagen van tour) parents convinced you in and later made your first car a bottle of **Man Made** — through that and that, the strategy of surrounding yourself with "dependable" things has always made summer bearable. When it comes to summer sunshine pop, **Teenage Fanclub** should be your loyal choice for warm, breezy pop gems and gorgeous vocal harmonies like those that traveled the roads of themselves before time, such as **Big Star**, **The Kinks** and **The Left Banke**, the **Fanclub** offer reliable rip-and-just melodic interplay, thus making them a dependable choice for miles of contented listening. Now, you've come a long way baby — and so have they! The best bits include: **Celtic**, **Fallen Leaves**, and the force song on **Born Under a Good Sign**.

CD 16.98



THE DIRTBOMBS If You Don't Already Have a Look 2CD

When your songbook includes many diverse covers, such as **Walls from the Ohio Players**, **Stevie Wonder**, **Can Club**, **ESG**, **Elliott Smith**, **Chester Slicks** and others, you can safely assume that you're dealing with a band well-steeped in popular musical history. Drawing on this rich talent pool, while magically tapping into the real spirit of rock'n'roll, **Detroit's Dirtbombs** have earned themselves a legendary status as discoverers of rock's revolutionary potential. With up-bakers, **Mick Collins** has more soul, more punk, more boogie-woogie groove, more glam, more hot sweat, more swing, and more between-the-sheets steam than one year's worth of **NME** cover boys! Now is your time to get into this truly amazing act. This career-spanning 52 track singles and rarities collection is your **Dirtbombs** **Rossini** Stone, including a bunch of one- even the biggest **Dirtbombs** fan in the world has got to hear.

2CD 22.98

OUR MODERATORS HIGHLY RECOMMEND

THIS GOLDEN PHOENIX
is a Fucking Attack Machine CD

HOLLY GOUGHTLY
My First Holly-CD

DANIEL LAMONIS
Belladonna CD

!!!
Take Ecstasy With Me CDEP/12"

MAXIMO PARK
A Certain Trigger CD/LP

BEBEL GILBERTO
Remixed CD

THE HERBALIZER
Take London CD/LP

BONOBO
Live Sessions CD

SLEATER KINNEY
The Woods CD/LP

WIRE
Scottish Play CD/DVD

THE BUFF MEADOWS
Midway Wheelers CD/LP

BLOWFLY
Fahrenheit 69 CD

SNAHUHOUSE
The Silence Show CD

KONONO
No1 Congrotronic CD/LP

ARIEL PINK'S HAUNTED GRAFFITI
Worm Cony CD/LP



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